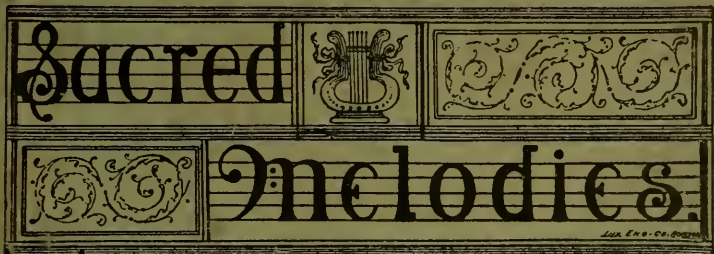


"Making melody in your heart to the Lord."

— EPH. v. 19.



Sacred Melodies.

NOS. 1 & 2 COMBINED.

AS USED BY EVANGELIST H. W. BROWN AND OTHERS, IN GOSPEL
MEETINGS AND OTHER RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

B1

E. C. AVIS and JOSHUA GILL.

PUBLISHED BY
McDONALD, GILL & CO.
36 Bromfield St., Boston.

SCRIPTURE REFERENCES.

SUITED TO INQUIRERS.

For Backsliders.

Prov. xiv. 14. Isa. xlii. 22. Jer. ii. 19, iii. 12-14. Hosea xiv. 1-4.
Luke xv. 13-24. 1 John i. 8, 9.

Skeptical Inquirers.

John vii. 17, viii. 43-47. Rom. i. 20. 2 Thess. ii. 11, 12.

Scorners and Rejectors.

Prov. i. 22-32, iii. 34, ix. 12, xiv. 6, xxix. 1.

Neglectors.

1 Chron. xxviii. 9. Isa. lv. 6, 7. Heb. ii. 3.

Those who wait for a more convenient season.

Gen. vi. 3. Josh. xxiv. 15. Prov. xxvii. 1. Isa. lv. 6. Acts xxiv.
25. 2 Cor. vi. 2.

Those who stumble at the inconsistencies of others.

John xxi. 22. Rom. xiv. 12.

Those who are not so very bad.

Gen. vi. 5. Ps. xiv. 2, 3. Ecc. vii. 20. Isa. lxiv. 6. Jer. xvii. 9.
Matt. xv. 19. Rom. iii. 10, 23. Jas. ii. 10.

Those who do the best they can.

John iii. 1-3. Rom. iii. 10, 22, 23. Jas. ii. 10.

Those who have too much to give up.

Matt. xix. 16-22, 29. Mark viii. 35-37. Phil. iii. 7, 8.

Those who have tried to become Christians but without success.

Deut. iv. 29. Prov. ii. 1-5. Jer. xxix. 13.

Those who are too great sinners.

Isa. i. 18, xliii. 25, lv. 7. Luke v. 32. John iii. 16, vi. 37. 1 Tim. i.
15. 1 John i. 7.

Those who feel their unworthiness.

Isa. xlii. 3, lv. 1. Luke xv. 20.

Those who are afraid they wont hold out.

Zech. ii. 8. Luke xxii. 32. John x. 27, 28. Phil. i. 6. 2 Tim. i. 12.
1 Peter i. 5.

Those who are ashamed to confess Christ.

Matt. x. 32, 33. Luke ix. 26. Rom. x. 9, 10.

Those who claim faith without works.

Jas. ii. 14-26. 1 John i. 6, ii. 3, 4, 6, 9, 11, iii. 3-10.

How may I know that I am saved?

John iii. 36. Rom. viii. 15, 16. Gal. iv. 6. 1 John v. 13, iii. 14, v.
9-13.

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SACRED MELODIES.

NOS. 1 & 2 COMBINED.

As used by Evangelist H. W. Brown and others, in Gospel Meetings and other religious services.

BY

E. C. AVIS AND JOSHUA GILL.

BOSTON, MASS.:
PUBLISHED BY McDONALD, GILL & CO.,
36 BROMFIELD STREET.

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PREFACE.

THE original design in regard to "SACRED MELODIES" was to confine it mostly to those compositions which Mr. Avis had so successfully used in evangelistic services with Rev. H. W. Brown and others, and in the meetings of the Young Men's Christian Associations. But the final decision was to make it what it is, more general in its character, and yet answering fully the end first contemplated. A good many of the pieces are new, and yet there are enough familiar pieces to relieve it of the criticism of being entirely new. This is "SACRED MELODIES NO. 1." This implies that there may be "SACRED MELODIES NO. 2." Such is our expectation. We do not doubt the success of this book. We believe it will not only have an extensive sale, but, what is infinitely better, it will be an important means of communicating truth, of arousing religious interest, of leading men to Christ, and of perfecting the saints.

MCDONALD, GILL & CO.

PREFACE TO NOS. 1 & 2 COMBINED.

AFTER a successful run of "SACRED MELODIES NO. 1," we now thoroughly revise that book, and combine with it "SACRED MELODIES NO. 2," which has not been issued in a separate volume. As valuable as No. 1 was, we consider this enlarged much better. We trust it will delight and bless, not only those who attend upon the meetings held by Messrs. Brown & Avis, but others besides.

MCDONALD, GILL & CO.

SACRED MELODIES.

1

Closer to Thee.

Words arr. by E. C. Avis.

(Ps. 73: 28.)

E. C. AVIS.

1. Clo - ser, dear Lord, to thee, Clo - ser to thee; In sweet com-
2. Oh, let no cloud of sin, 'Twi'xt me and thee, Aught of thy
3. When life shall end be - low, Oh, let me be Drawn by the

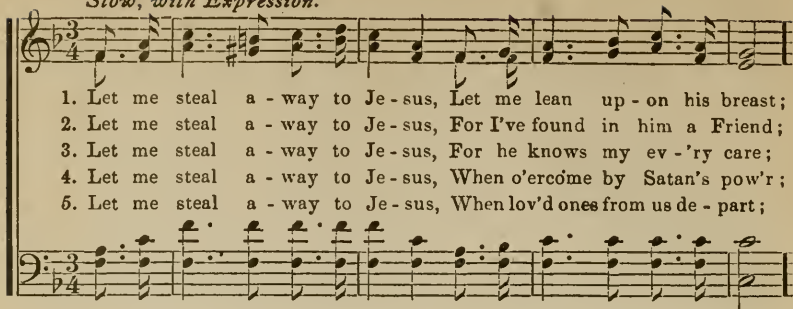
munion drawn, Oh, let me be, Earth's joys forgotten quite, Whilst dwelling
brightness dim, But let me be Now on the mount's blest height, Gazing on
chords of love, Clo-ser to thee; Dear Saviour, then a-bove, Made perfect

in the light, Clo - ser, dear Lord, to thee, Clo - ser to thee.
glo - ry bright, Till faith be lost in sight, Clo - ser to thee.
in thy love, May I for - ev - er live Clo - ser to thee.

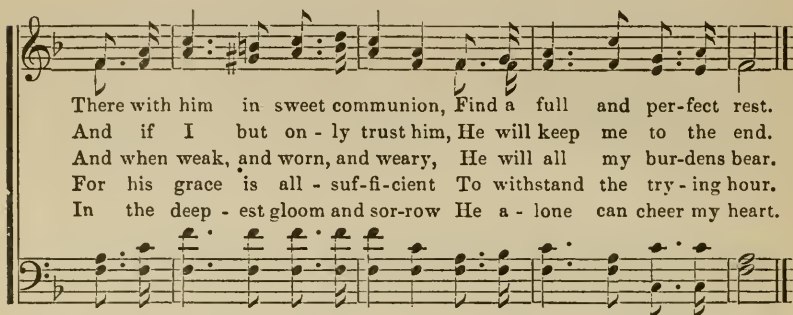
Let me steal away to Jesus.

E. C. AVIS.

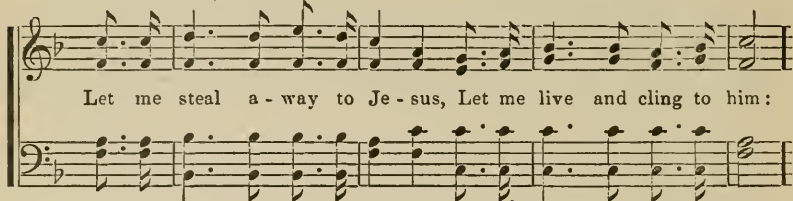
E. C. AVIS.

Slow, with Expression.


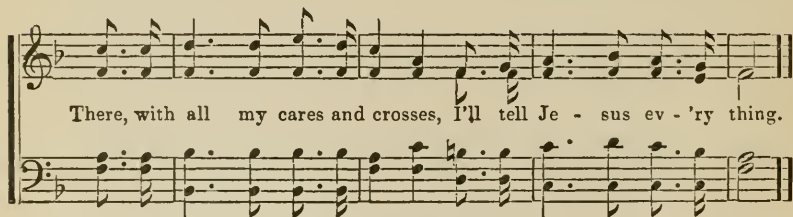
1. Let me steal a - way to Je - sus, Let me lean up - on his breast;
 2. Let me steal a - way to Je - sus, For I've found in him a Friend;
 3. Let me steal a - way to Je - sus, For he knows my ev - 'ry care;
 4. Let me steal a - way to Je - sus, When o'ercome by Satan's pow'r;
 5. Let me steal a - way to Je - sus, When lov'd ones from us de - part;



There with him in sweet communion, Find a full and per - fect rest.
 And if I but on - ly trust him, He will keep me to the end.
 And when weak, and worn, and weary, He will all my bur - dens bear.
 For his grace is all - suf - fi - cient To withstand the try - ing hour.
 In the deep - est gloom and sor - row He a - lone can cheer my heart.

CHORUS. With Spirit.


Let me steal a - way to Je - sus, Let me live and cling to him:

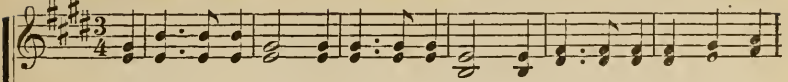


There, with all my cares and crosses, I'll tell Je - sus ev - 'ry thing.

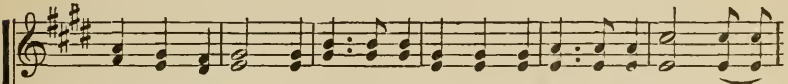
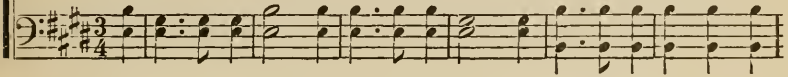
The Child of a King.

Words by HATTIE E. BUELL.

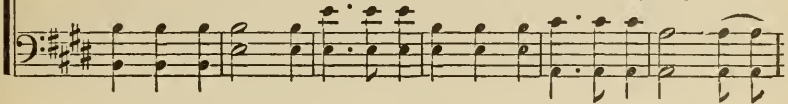
Arr. from a Melody by Rev. JOHN B. SUMNER.



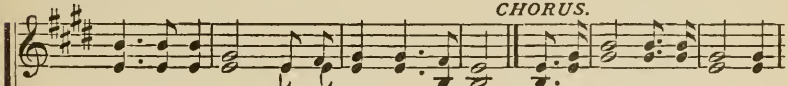
1. My Fa-ther is rich in houses and lands, He holdeth the wealth of the
2. My Father's own Son, the Saviour of men, Once wander'd o'er earth as the
3. I once was an out-cast stranger on earth, A sin-ner by choice, an
4. A tent or a cot-tage, why should I care? They're building a palace for



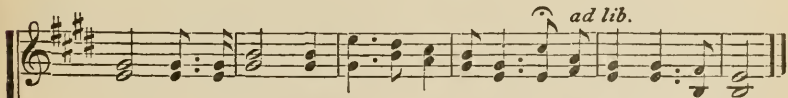
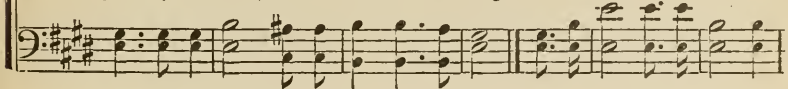
world in his hands! Of rubies and diamonds, of sil- ver and gold, His
 poor-est of men; But now he is reigning for-ev- er on high, And will
 al- ien by birth! But I've been a- dopt- ed, my name's written down,—An
 me o- ver there! Tho' exiled from home, yet still I may sing: All



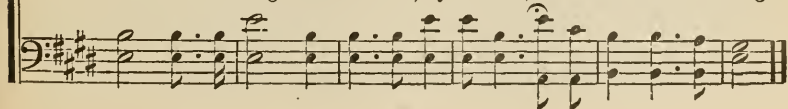
CHORUS.



cof- fers are full,—he has rich- es un- told. I'm the child of a King, The
 give me a home with himself by and by.
 heir to a man- sion, a robe, and a crown.
 glo- ry to God, I'm the child of a King!



child of a King! With Je- sus, my Saviour, I'm the child of a King!



I hear Thy welcome Voice.

Words and Music by Rev. L. HARTSOUGH.

1. I hear thy wel-come voice, That calls me Lord to thee,
2. Tho' com - ing weak and vile, Thou dost my strength as - sure;

For cleansing in thy precious blood, That flow'd on Cal - va - ry.
Thou dost my vile-ness ful - ly cleanse, Till spot - less all, and pure.

CHORUS.

I am com-ing, Lord! Com - ing now to thee!

Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood That flow'd on Cal - va - ry!

3
'Tis Jesus calls me on
To Perfect Faith and Love,
To Perfect Hope, and Peace, and Trust,
For Earth and Heaven above.

4
'Tis Jesus who confirms
The blessed work within,
By adding grace to welcomed grace,
Where reigned the power of sin.

5
And he the witness gives,
To loyal hearts and free,
That every promise is fulfilled,
If faith but brings the plea.

6
All hail! atoning blood!
All hail! redeeming grace!
All hail! the gift of Christ, our Lord,
Our strength and righteousness.

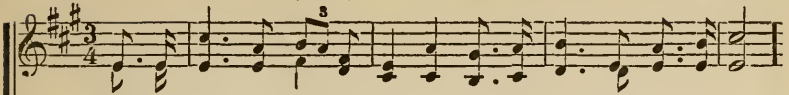
From "Song Sermons."—Used by permission of Philip Phillips.

"I'll be with thee all the way."

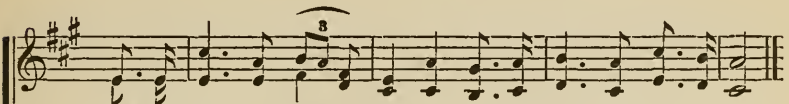
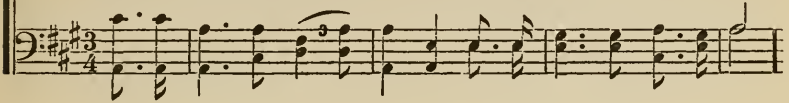
E. C. A.

"I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."—Heb. 13: 5.

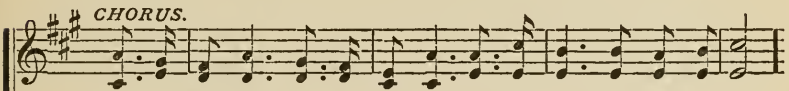
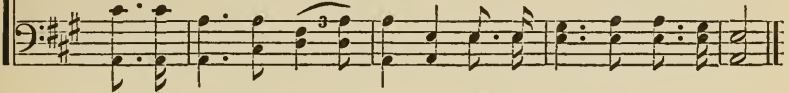
E. C. Avis.



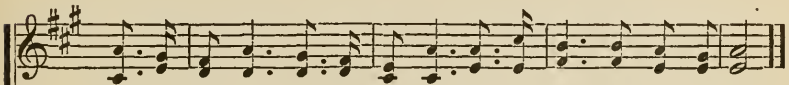
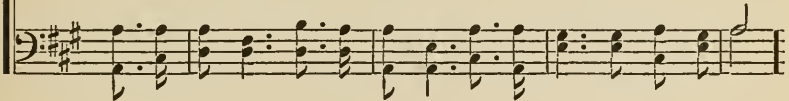
1. Sin-ner, canst thou trust the Saviour, And his gra - cious call o - bey?
2. In Geth-sem - a - ne he suffer'd, On the cross he died for thee;
3. When in sor - row and in anguish, Weak and blind we go a - stray,
4. When the storms are round us raging, And dark clouds o'erspread our way,



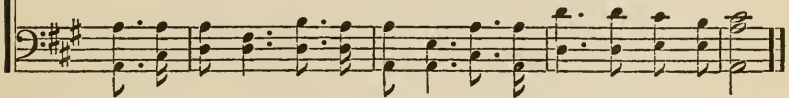
"Come who - ev - er will, and en - ter: I'll be with thee all the way."
 From the grave he came forth, saying, "I'll be with thee all the way."
 Hear the voice of Je - sus saying, "I'll be with thee all the way."
 Midst the gloom from heav'n he whispers, "I'll be with thee all the way."



"I'll be with thee, 'I'll be with thee, 'I'll be with thee all the way."



"I'll be with thee, 'I'll be with thee, 'I'll be with thee all the way."



Coming to Thee.

Arranged by Rev. W. McDONALD.

1. With my faint wea - ry soul to be made ful - ly whole, And thy
 2. O how long I have tried to re - sist na - ture's tide, All in
 3. I thy prom - ise be - lieve, that in thee I shall live, Thro' thy
 4. All to thee now I give, thine to die, thine to live, Cru - ci -
 5. Now I am thine, wholly thine, precious Saviour di - vine, With my

per - fect sal - va - tion to see, With my heart all a - glow, to be
 vain have I sigh'd to be free; In my - self all un - done, 'neath the
 blood shed so free - ly for me; To ob - tain a pure heart, and se -
 fied to the world e'en to be, To be dead un - to sin, with a
 all con - se - cra - ted to thee, To be kept ev - 'ry hour, by thy

CHORUS.

wash'd white as snow, I am coming, dear Saviour, to thee. Coming to thee,
 waves sinking down, I am coming, dear Saviour, to thee.
 cure the good part, I am coming, dear Saviour, to thee.
 new life with-in, I am coming, dear Saviour, to thee.
 love's wondrous pow'r, I am coming, dear Saviour, to thee.

coming to thee, I am coming, dear Sav - iour, to thee; With my

heart all aglow, to be wash'd white as snow, I am coming, dear Saviour, to thee.

1. Hark! the Saviour's voice, from heaven, Speaks a par-don full and free;
 2. See the heal-ing fountain springing, From the Sav-iour on the tree;
 3. Hear his love and mer-cy speaking, "Come and lay thy soul on me:
 4. Come, then now—to Je-sus fly-ing, From thy sin and woe be free;

Come, and thou shalt be for-giv-en, Boundless mer-cy flows for thee.
 Par-don, peace, and cleansing bringing, Lost one, lov'd one, 'tis for thee.
 Though thy heart for sin be breaking, I have rest and peace for thee."
 Bur-den'd, guilty, wounded, dy-ing, Gladly will he wel-come thee.

CHORUS.

Even thee, e-ven thee; Boundless mer-cy flows for thee:
 Even thee, e-ven thee; Lost one, lov'd one, 'tis for thee:
 Even thee, e-ven thee; "I have rest and peace for thee:"
 Even thee, e-ven thee; Glad-ly will he wel-come thee:

Even thee, e-ven thee;

Come, and thou shalt be for-giv-en, Boundless mer-cy flows for thee.
 Par-don, peace, and cleansing bringing, Lost one, lov'd one, 'tis for thee.
 "Though thy heart for sin be breaking, I have rest and peace for thee."
 Bur-den'd, guilty, wounded, dy-ing, Gladly will he wel-come thee.

5 Every sin shall be forgiven,
 Thou, through grace, a child shalt be;
 Child of God, and heir of heaven.
 Yes, a mansion waits for thee.

6 Then in love forever dwelling,
 Jesus all thy joy shall be;
 And thy song shall still be telling
 All his mercy did for thee.

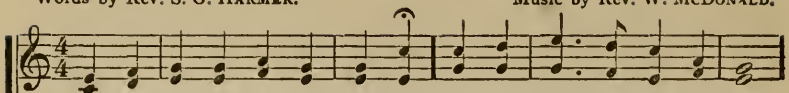
Even thee! Even thee!

8


Rest for the Weary.

Words by Rev. S. G. HARMER.

Music by Rev. W. McDONALD.

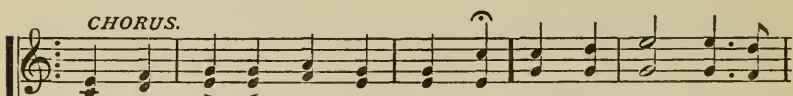


1. In the Christian's home in glo-ry, There re - mains a land of rest;
 2. Pain and sick-ness ne'er shall en - ter, Grief nor woe my lot shall share;
 3. Death it - self shall then be vanquish'd, And his sting shall be withdrawn:
 4. Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glo-ry; Shout your tri - umph as you go;

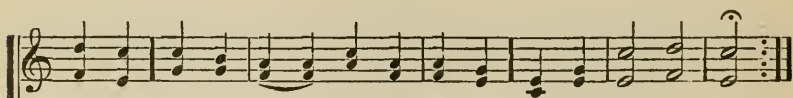


There my Saviour's gone be - fore me, To ful - fil my soul's re - quest.
 But in that ce - lestial cen - tre, I a crown of life shall wear.
 Shout for glad-ness, O ye ransom'd! Hail with joy the ris - ing morn.
 Zi - on's gates will o - pen for you, You shall find an entrance through.

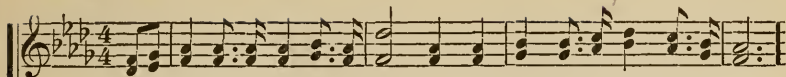
CHORUS.



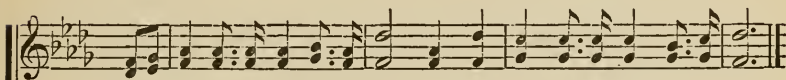
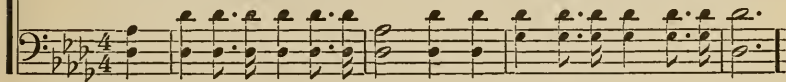
{ There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for the
 { On the oth - er side of Jor - dan, In the sweet fields of



wea - ry, There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for you - }
 E - den, Where the tree of life is blooming, There is rest for you. }



1. Sing glo-ry to God in the high-est, For wonderful things he hath done;
2. Oh! perfect redemption to sin-ners, The purchase of Je-sus' own blood,
3. Rejoice, then, rejoice, all ye peo - ple, The wondrous transaction is done!



He so lov'd the world that he gave us His on - ly be-got-ten dear Son.
 The vil - est of-fend-er is pardon'd, Is sav'd thro' the promise of God.
 The life-gate is open, come, en - ter, Thro' Je - sus, the Cru - ci - fied One.



CHORUS.



Hal-le - lu - jah! hal-le - lu - jah! He saves thro' the death of his Son;



Hal-le-lu-jah! hallelujah!



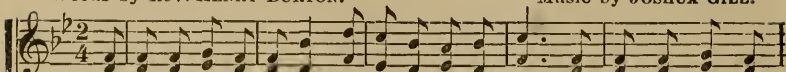
Hal-le - lu - jah! hal-le - lu - jah! He saves thro' the Crucified One.



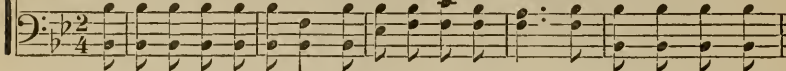
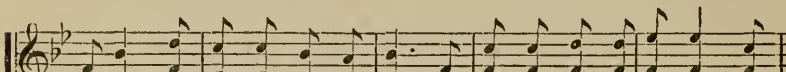
Hal-le-lu-jah! hallelujah!

Words by REV. HENRY BURTON.

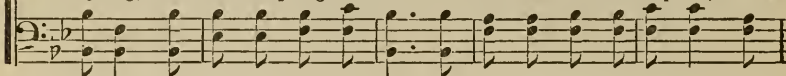
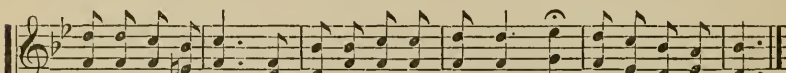
Music by JOSHUA GILL.



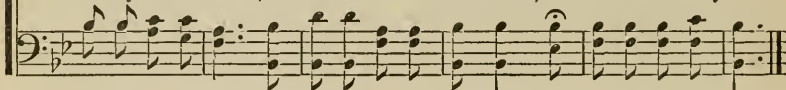
1. The world is full of singing, I hear it everywhere; The flow'rs their bells are
 2. My heart was fond of sighing, With just some breaks of song, As self was ev - er
 3. My life was full of sadness, Of overweighting care; But now the "oil of
 4. And so my heart keeps clinging To the dear Master's Word; And it is al-ways

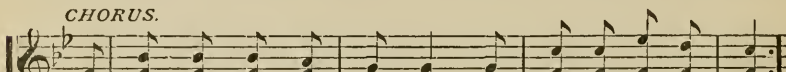
ring-ing Out on the scented air: And up a - bove, around me, The
 try - ing To make its weakness strong; But now in him con-fid - ing, His
 gladness" Has turn'd to praise the prayer: And so I keep pur-su - ing, And
 sing-ing, Just like a spring-time bird: I know not what the harps be, Where

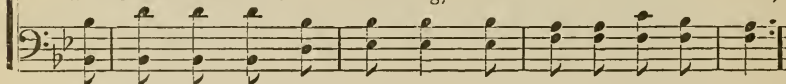
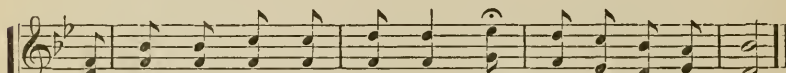
si-lent anthems roll: The glorious Lord has found me, There's music in my soul!
 Word has made me whole, And e'er in Christ abiding, There's music in my soul!
 pressing t'ward the goal; But praying, waiting, doing, There's music in my soul!
 heav'nly anthems roll; I know that heav'n is near me, There's music in my soul!



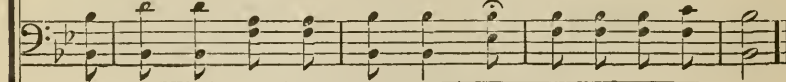
CHORUS.



The blood of Christ is flow - ing, Its waves a-round me roll;

My heart with love is glow-ing, There's mu - sic in my soul!



1. Our Fa - ther, we bless thee For thy... dear Word;
 2. No book is more pre - cious Than that thou hast giv'n;
 3. The heav - ens may van - ish, The earth be re - mov'd;
 4. In thy Word is prom - is'd, To ev - 'ry be - liever,

We thank thee that mil - lions Its won - ders have heard.
 It tells of sal - va - tion, Of Je - sus and heav'n.
 But thy Word, dear Sav - iour, Shall not pass a - way.
 A per - fect sal - va - tion Through Je - sus, our Lord.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! To Je - sus, our Lord.

Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! For the gift of thy Word.

12 I was once the chief of Sinners.

E. C. A.

E. C. Avis.

1. I was once the chief of sin-ners, Bending down beneath the load; I had
 2. I re-ject-ed the sal-va-tion, Offer'd to me in his Word, And its
 3. Oh! the joy of this sal-va-tion, 'Tis far more than life to me, I am

borne the heavy burden many a day, But the Saviour took the pack From the
 bless-ed truth I had so oft denied; But the Saviour's gentle whisper Said, "why
 trust-ing in his promise, day by day; While I live, I'll tell to others What a

way-worn traveller's back, Now I'm happy with the bur-den roll'd a-way.
 per-se-cute thou me?" Then I said, "Lord Jesus save me, or I die."
 Sav-iour I have found, How his blood has ta-ken all my sins a-way.

CHORUS.

I will mag-ni-fy his name, All his wondrous works proclaim, How he

suffer'd, bled and died on the tree: Oh! lost sin-ner, 'twas for you, that the

I WAS ONCE THE CHIEF OF SINNERS. Concluded.

Sav-iour suffer'd so: Thus he came to save lost ones, like you and me.

13

Fill Me Now.

Words by E. H. STOKES, D. D.

Music by JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Hov - er o'er me, Ho - ly Spir - it; Bathe my trembling heart and brow;

Fine.
D.S. Fill me with thy hallow'd presence, Come, oh, come and fill me now.

CHORUS. *D.S.*
Fill me now, fill me now, Je - sus, come and fill me now:

2 Thou can't fill me, gracious Spirit,
Though I cannot tell thee how;
But I need thee, greatly need thee;
Come, oh, come and fill me now.

3 I am weakness, full of weakness;
At thy sacred feet I bow;

Blest, divine, eternal Spirit,
Fill with pow'r, and fill me now.

4 Cleanse and comfort, bless and save me;
Bathe, oh, bathe my heart and brow;
Thou art comforting and saving,
Thou art sweetly filling now.

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1. There is per-fect cleansing in the precious blood That flows for all so
 2. I am sav'd each moment thro' the cleansing blood That now, by faith, I
 3. Oh, the blood, that keeps me from the pow'r of sin, My constant theme shall
 4. There is life e - ter-nal in the precious blood That still is flow-ing

free, There is full sal - va - tion in its crim - son flood; There's a
 see; I am sweet - ly rest - ing at the cross I love; There's a
 be; I have laid my bur - den at the Sav - iour's feet; There's a
 free, And my soul shall glo - ry in the Sav - iour's cross; There's a

CHORUS.

blessing from the Lord for me. There's a blessing for me, There's a

blessing for me, A blessing from the Lord for me: There is
 for me;

full salvation in the crimson flood; There's a blessing from the Lord for me.

E. C. A.

(Ps. 150: 6.)

E. C. AVIS.

With Spirit.

1. Sing praise to Christ, our King, Praise him, praise him;
 2. Great is the Lord, our King, Praise him, praise him;
 3. Soon shall we see.. our King, Praise him, praise him:

Loud let our voi - ces ring, Prais - ing our great Re - deem - er.
 He hath done won - der - ful things, Praise him for - ev - er and ev - er.
 Soon will he come.. a - gain, Praise him, O praise him, ye peo - ple.

He is the Lord of all, An - gels be - fore him fall,
 When there was none to save, Free - ly his life he gave,
 He comes his own to claim; All who have lov'd his Name,

Oh! may we one and all, Praise him with joy - ful song.
 Ran - som'd the cap - tive slave, Praise him for - ev - er - more.
 Shall with him live and reign, Prais - ing him ev - er - more.

1. Thine in-i - quity swells like the tide, And the day of his vengeance is come ;
 2. O, es-cape to the mountain of God ; Linger not on the storm-cover'd plain,
 3. There are lov'd ones who stay with the lost, There are treasurea to think of and

Canst thy spir-it his com-ing a-bide? Canst thou bear the impenitent's doom?
 For the cloud of his wrath spreads abroad, And 'tis death to thy soul to remain.
 But thy soul is of in - fi-nite cost, Break away from thy i - dols and live.

CHORUS.

Precious soul, lin-ger not, Linger not on the storm-cover'd plain ;
 Precious soul, linger not,

Precious soul, lin-ger not, Or thy life will be lost with the slain.
 Precious soul, linger not,

- 4 O, how gently he taketh thy hand, To allure thee to safety and joy ;
 Pleading still, see the blessed one stand, For he wills not thy life to destroy.
- 5 Being justified now by his blood, [by ;
 Sav'd from wrath we shall be by and
 Cleans'd from sin in this life-giving flood,
 We are ready to live and to die.

1. I've found a friend in Jesus, he's everything to me, He's the fair-est of ten
 2. He all my griefs has taken, and all my sorrows borne; In temptation he's my
 3. He'll never, never leave me, nor yet forsake me here, While I live by faith and

thousand to my soul; The Li-ly of the Valley in him a-lone I see, All I
 strong and mighty tow'r; I've all for him forsaken, I've all my idols torn From my
 do his blessed will; A wall of fire about me, I've nothing now to fear: With his

need to cleanse and make me fully whole. In sorrow he's my comfort, in trouble he's my
 heart, and now he keeps me by his pow'r. Tho' all the world forsake me, and Satan tempts
 man - na he my hungry soul shall fill. Then sweeping up to glory we see his blessed

Chorus.—In sorrow he's my comfort, in trouble he's my

stay, He tells me ev -'ry care on him to roll. He's the Li-ly of the
 sore, Through Je-sus I shall safe-ly reach the goal. He's the Li-ly of the
 face, Where riv-ers of de-light shall ev - er roll. He's the Li-ly of the

Hallelujah!

stay, He tells me ev -'ry care on him to . roll. He's the Lily of the

D. S.

Valley, the bright and Morning Star, He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.

Valley, the bright and Morning Star, He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.

The Valley of Blessing.

Mrs. ANNIE WITTENMEYER.

WM. G. FISCHER, by per.

1. I have entered the val-ley of bless-ing so sweet, And Je - sus a -

bides with me there; And his spir-it and blood make my cleansing complete,

CHORUS.

And his per-fect love cast-eth out fear. Oh come to this val-ley of

blessing.....

blessing so sweet, Where Je - sus will full-ness be - stow— And be -

lieve, and re-ceive, and confess him, That all his sal-va-tion may know.

- 2 There is peace in the valley of blessing so sweet,
And plenty the land doth impart;
And there's rest for the weary worn traveller's feet,
And joy for the sorrowing heart.
- 3 There is love in the valley of blessing so sweet,
Such as none but the blood-washed may feel,
When heaven comes down redeemed spirits to greet,
And Christ sets his covenant seal.
- 4 There's a song in the valley of blessing so sweet,
That angels would fain join the strain.
As with rapturous praises we bow at his feet,
Crying "Worthy the Lamb that was slain!"

ANON.

(Mark S: 36.)

E. C. AVIS.

1. Af - ter the joys of earth, Af - ter its songs of mirth,
 2. Af - ter an emp - ty name, Af - ter a wea - ry frame,
 3. Af - ter this sad fare - well, To a world loved too well,

Af - ter its hours of light, Af - ter its dreams so bright,
 Af - ter this conscious smart, Af - ter an ach - ing heart,
 Af - ter this si - lent bed, With the for - got - ten dead,

p With Expression.

What then? On - ly an emp - ty name, On - ly a wea - ry frame,
 What then? On - ly a sad fare - well To a world lov'd too well,
 What then? Oh! then the judgment throne, Oh! then the last hope gone,

On - ly a conscious smart, On - ly an ach - ing heart.
 On - ly a si - lent bed, With the for - got - ten dead.
 Then all the woes that dwell In an e - ter - nal hell!

20 The Coming of the Lord draweth near.

"Watch therefore, for ye know not the day nor the hour wherein the Son of man cometh"

Matthew 25: 13.

E. C. A.

E. C. AVIS.

1. What a promise God hath giv - en To the faith-ful here below: "Un-to
 2. Af - ter tri - als and temptations, We shall see the Son of man: "Un-to
 3. He is faith-ful to his promise, Not one word shall pass away: "Un-to
 4. When he comes his saints shall know him, For his word hath so declar'd: "Unto
 5. Let us wait with joy his coming, For he comes to claim his own: "Un-to

them who look for him shall he ap - pear." Shall he ap-pear, With-out
 them who look for him shall he ap - pear." Shall he ap-pear. Oh! the
 them who look for him shall he ap - pear." Shall he ap-pear. Then with
 them who look for him shall he ap - pear." Shall he ap-pear. He will
 them who look for him shall he ap - pear." Shall he ap-pear. He will

sin un - to sal - va-tion, Looking for that bless-ed hope, For the
 time is fast approaching, Let us la - bor, watch and pray, For the
 lamps all trim'd and burning, Go ye out to meet the King, For the
 gath - er all his lov'd ones, In the twink-ling of an eye, For the
 sure - ly come, and quickly; Then be ready when he calls, For the

CHORUS.

coming of the Lord draweth near. Let us tell with joy the story, Ring it

THE COMING OF THE LORD DRAWETH NEAR. Concluded.

out o'er land and sea: "Un- to them who look for him shall he ap -

pear." shall he ap-pear. Let us tell with joy the sto - ry, Ring it

out o'er land and sea, For the com-ing of the Lord draweth near.

21

7s.

- 1 Children of the heavenly King,
As we journey let us sing;
Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.
- 2 We are traveling home to God,
In the way our fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 O ye banished seed, be glad;
Christ our Advocate is made:
Us to save our flesh assumes,
Brother to our souls becomes.

- 4 Lift your eyes, ye sons of light;
Zion's city is in sight;
There our endless home shall be,
There our Lord we soon shall see.
- 5 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of our land;
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
Bids us undismayed go on.
- 6 Lord, obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

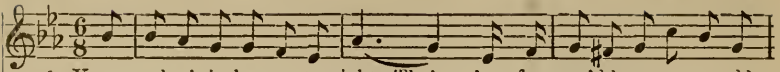
JOHN CENNICK.

22

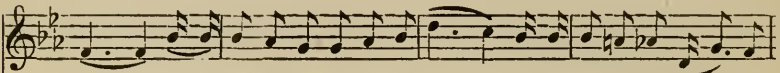
WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS.

- 1 What a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Every thing to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Every thing to God in prayer!
- 2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

- Can we find a friend so faithful
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
- 3 Are we weak and heavy-laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?—
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer:
In his arms he'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.



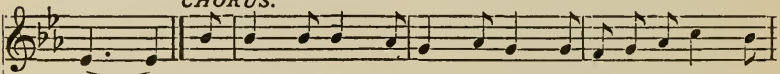
1. Your mother's in heaven to-night; Tho' you've oft spurn'd her prayer and her
2. Your wand'ring has oft caus'd her pain; Oh! the sorrow and shame that she
3. Oh! she long'd to see you once more,.. And her-self the sweet tidings to
4. Oh! heed thou the message, my boy,.. And forget not your mother's last



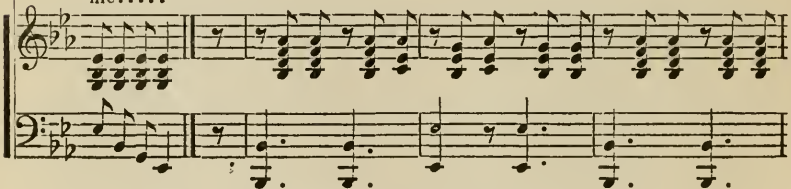
love, Yet she's waiting and watching for you, In the mansions of glo-ry a -
 bore; But she sighs not, nor sorrows again, For her weeping and sighing are
 tell: How she earnestly pray'd that the Lord Would rescue her dear boy from
 plea; Ac-cept the dear Saviour to-night, As you read the last message from



CHORUS.



bove.... My boy, my boy, come home, come home, The Saviour has died for
 o'er....
 hell....
 me....



THE MOTHER'S LAST PLEA. Concluded.

rit.

you;.. He bids you now no longer roam, But accept of his love so true..

This musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats. The middle staff is the right-hand piano accompaniment, and the bottom staff is the left-hand piano accompaniment. The music is in a slow, lyrical style, with a 'rit.' (ritardando) marking above the final measure.

24

Coronation. C. M.

OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros-trate fall;
 2. Ye cho - sen seed of Israel's race, Ye ransom'd from the fall,
 3. Sin-ners, whose love can ne'er for - get The wormwood and the gall;

This musical score is in 4/4 time with a key signature of two sharps (D major). It features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are arranged in three lines, corresponding to the three parts of the hymn.

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.
 Hail him who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all.
 Go, spread your tro - phies at his feet, And crown him Lord of all.

This musical score continues the hymn with a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are arranged in three lines.

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord.... of all.
 Hail him who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord.... of all.
 Go, spread your trophies at his feet, And crown him Lord.... of all.

This musical score continues the hymn with a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are arranged in three lines.

4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
 On this terrestrial ball,
 ||: To him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown him Lord of all. :||

5 O that with yonder sacred throng
 We at his feet may fall;
 ||: We'll join the everlasting song,
 And crown him Lord of all. :||

W. S. M.

W. S. MARTIN.

1. 'Twas love, the love of God, So boundless, full, and free, That gave me Christ, the
 2. The great-ness of his love, No hu-man soul can tell; The love that gave his
 3. When lost and dead in sin, A - far from God we lay, Then Je-sus shed his
 4. For thy great love, O God, We now would thee adore; And when we see thy

CHORUS.

Lord, To suf-fer on the tree. For God so lov'd the world, For
 Son, To save our souls from hell.
 blood, To wash our sins a - way.
 face, We'll praise thee ev-er - more.

For God, For God so lov'd the world,

God so lov'd the world, That he gave, That he gave, That he gave his only

For God so lov'd the world, He gave, He gave, He gave his

Son.... For God so lov'd the world, That he gave his on - ly

on-ly Son. For God so lov'd the world, He gave his

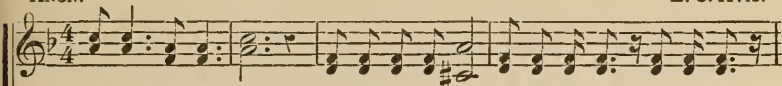
Son,.. That who-so - e'er be-liev-eth in him E - ter - nal life shall have.

only Son,

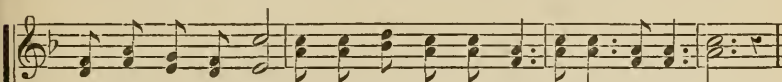
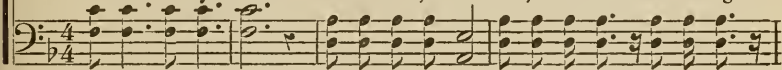
At a recent Gospel Service, in the north of England, an anecdote was told of a young man who was working alone in a large room, in which was a big clock, the loud ticking of which seemed to him to frame itself into the words "Eternity! Where?" Unable to endure any longer the reflections thus awakened, he arose from the stool and stopped the clock; but the question, "Eternity! Where?" still so haunted him, that he threw down his work, and hurried home, determined that he would not allow any thing to engage his thoughts till he could satisfactorily answer that searching question, "Eternity!—Where?"

ANON.

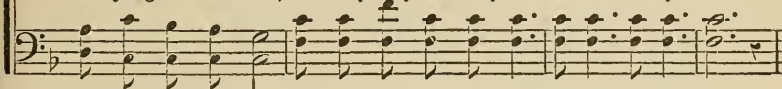
E. C. Avis.



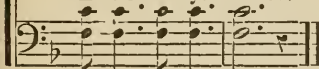
1. "E-ter - ni-ty!—where?" It floats on the air; A-mid clamor or si-lence,
2. "E-ter - ni-ty!—where?" Oh! Eternity! where? With redeem'd ones in glory,
3. "E-ter - ni-ty!—where?" Oh! how can you share The world's giddy pleasures
4. "E-ter - ni-ty!—where?" Oh! friend, have a care, Soon God will no longer



it ev - er is there! The question so solemn, "E-ter - ni-ty!—where?"
or fends in des-pair? With one or the oth - er: "E-ter - ni-ty!—where?"
or heed-less-ly dare Do aught, till you set - tle, "E-ter - ni-ty!—where?"
his judgment for-bear, This day may de-cide your "E-ter - ni-ty!—where?"



"E-ter - ni-ty!—where?"
"E-ter - ni-ty!—where?"
"E-ter - ni-ty!—where?"
"E-ter - ni-ty!—where?"



5
"Eternity!—where?"
Oh! "Eternity!—where?"
Friend, sleep not, nor take in the world any
share,
Till you answer this question—
||: "Eternity!—where?":||

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27

DENNIS.

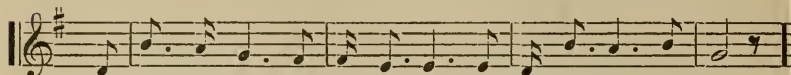
- 1 Not all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.
- 2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.
- 3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back to see
The burden thou didst bear,
While hanging on the cursed tree,
And knows her guilt was there.

E. C. A.

E. C. AVIS.

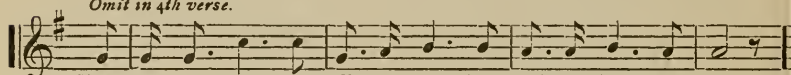


1. Well, wife, I've found the dear old church, That I have long'd to know,
2. The mu - sic, wife, was grand in - deed, The peo - ple seem'd in - spir'd;

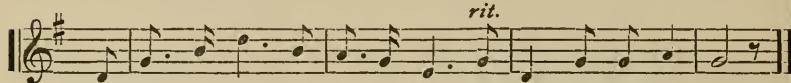


Where peo - ple go to wor - ship God, And not for dash and show.
They did ' not have an or - gan grand, Or an - y Quar - tette Choir.

Omit in 4th verse.



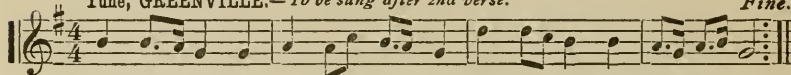
They were not dress'd in silk - en gowns, Nor deck'd in jew - els rare,
I nev - er heard such sing - ing, wife, It sounded so sub - lime,



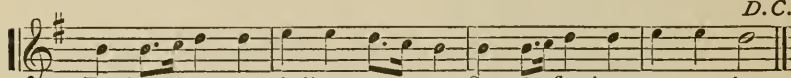
And as they gather'd one by one, They knelt in si - lent prayer.
And af - ter prayer they sang a - gain, A hymn of old - en time.

Tune, GREENVILLE. — *To be sung after 2nd verse.*

Fine.



1. { Come, thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace; }
{ Streams of mer - cy nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loudest praise. }
D. C. Praise the mount, I'm fix'd up - on it, Mount of thy re - deem - ing love.



Teach me some me - lodious son - net, Sung by flaming tongues a - bove;

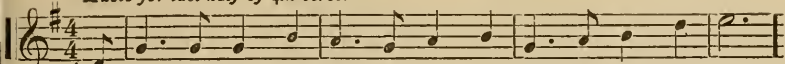
Music same as 1st verse.

- 3 The preacher read a simple text,
The words were true and grand;
His sermon was not cut and dried,
He preached a plain off - hand;
And as he told of Jesus' love,
They sat with listening ears;
And when the good man knelt to pray,
The house was bathed in tears.

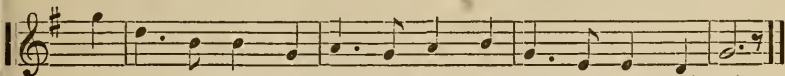
- 4 Well, wife, I said that's what we need,
O'er all this land to - day;
A freer church, a humbler pew,
Where Christian people pray.

THE DEAR OLD CHURCH. Concluded.

Music for last half of 4th verse.

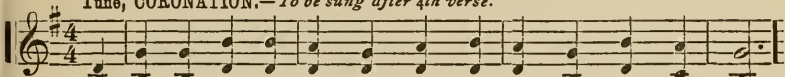


And when the sim - ple gos - pel, wife, Is preach'd in ev - 'ry place,

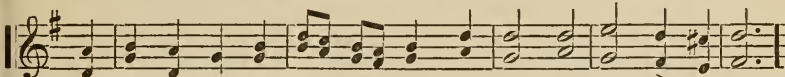


Not one, but ar - mies then will sing That glo - rious hymn of praise.

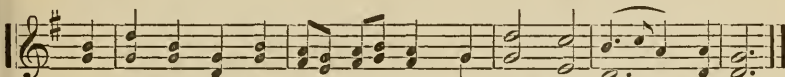
Tune, CORONATION.—To be sung after 4th verse.



All hail! the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels pros - trate fall;



Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of... all.



Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord.. of all.

29

COME, YE SINNERS, POOR AND NEEDY.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power:
He is able,
He is willing, doubt no more.</p> | <p>3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth,
Is to feel your need of him:
This he gives you—
'Tis the Spirit's glimmering beam.</p> |
| <p>2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance—
Every grace that brings you nigh—
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.</p> | <p>4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous—
Sinners, Jesus came to call.</p> |

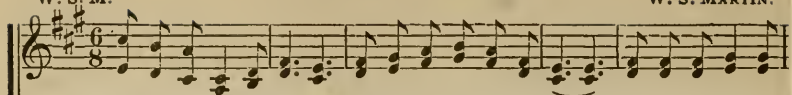
30

HAMBURG.

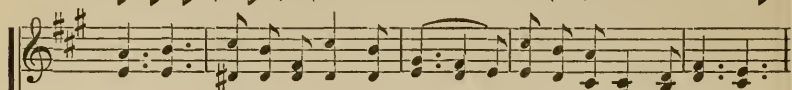
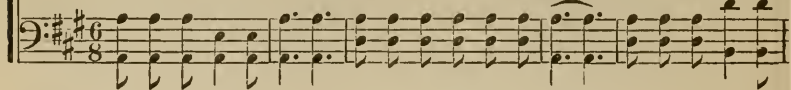
- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidst me come to thee,
O, Lamb of God, I come!</p> | <p>4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in thee to find,
O, Lamb of God, I come!</p> |
| <p>2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot, [spot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each
O, Lamb of God, I come!</p> | <p>5 Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because thy promise I believe,
O, Lamb of God, I come!</p> |
| <p>3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O, Lamb of God, I come!</p> | <p>6 Just as I am, thy love, unknown,
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O, Lamb of God, I come!</p> |

W. S. M.

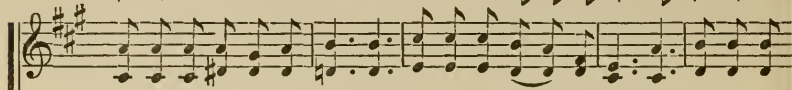
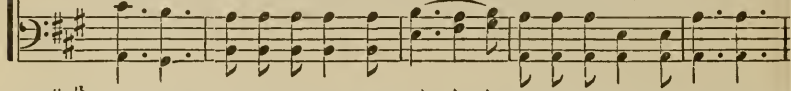
W. S. MARTIN.



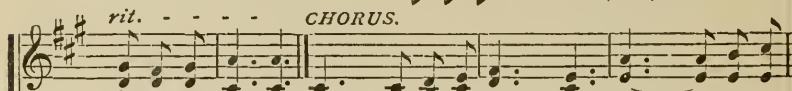
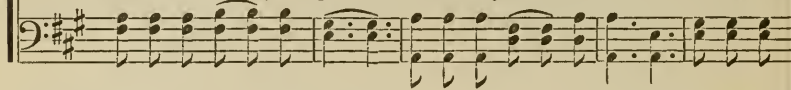
1. Seeking, so kindly seeking, Out on the mountains so cold, Lost ones 'mid sin and
2. Knocking, so gently knocking, Open and let him come in ; Jesus, the world's Re-
3. Call-ing, so gently calling, Jesus, the Saviour of men, Calls thee to-day, O



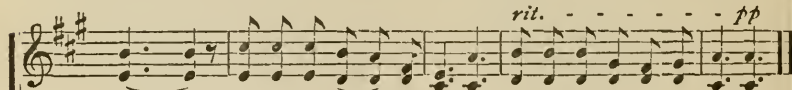
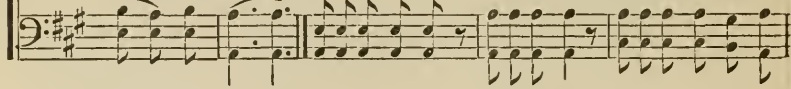
darkness Wandering from the fold ; ... Je-sus, the ten-der Shepherd,
deem-er, Waits to for-give thy sin..... Do not re-ject his mer-cy,
sin - ner, Say, shall he call in vain?... Come, and accept sal-va-tion,



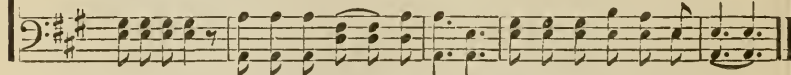
Comes in his pity and love, Down from the heights of glory, Down from the
Of - fer'd so full and free, Bid the dear Lord now en-ter, En-ter and
Come without money or price ; Come with thy burden to Jesus, He'll make thy



throne of love. Je - - sus is seek - ing, seek - ing to -
sup with thee.
heart to re - joice. Jesus is seeking, seeking to-day, Jesus is seeking, is



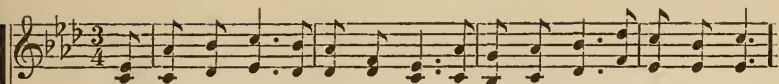
day, ... Seeking 'mid sin and sorrow Lost ones wherever they stray.
seeking to-day,



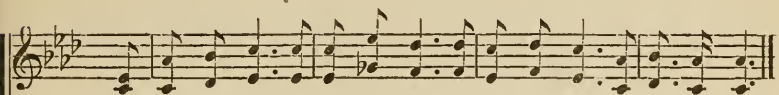
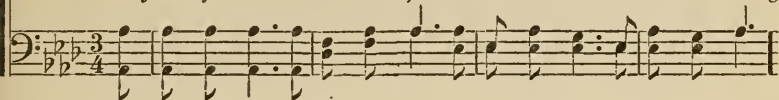
E. C. A.

"He leadeth me."—Ps. 23 : 2.

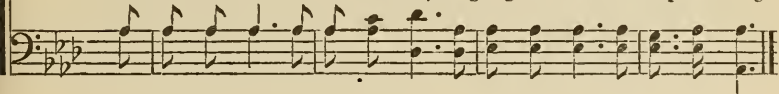
E. C. AVIS.



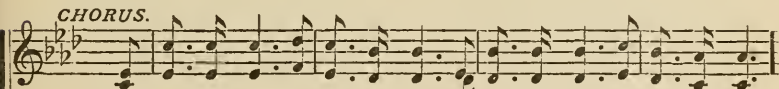
1. The promis'd land by faith I see, Where Je-sus lives and reigns above ;
2. The way grows brighter all a - long, The blessed path where Je-sus trod ;
3. 'Tis sweet to follow where he leads, No sin can harm, no foe affright ;
4. Our journey here will soon be o'er, And then the saints who've labor'd long



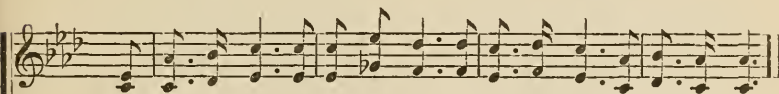
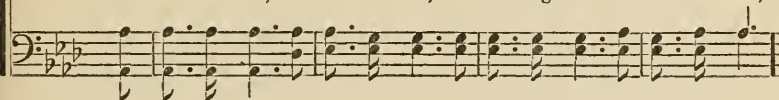
A land of rest, from sorrow free, Where all is joy and peace and love.
 With hope, inspir'd, we journey on, The narrow way that leads to God.
 In pastures green, his saints he feeds, And shelters them by day and night.
 Will dwell with Christ forevermore, Sing-ing the blest redemption song.



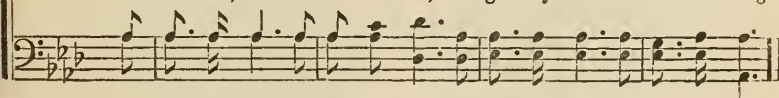
CHORUS.



He leads me on, he leads me on, To that bright land he leads me on ;



He leads me, and I fol-low on, He gent-ly leads me all a - long.



1. { My Sav-iour suf-fer'd on the tree, Glo - ry to the bleeding Lamb! }
 { Oh! come and view the Lord with me, Glo - ry to the bleeding Lamb! }

D. C. It sets my spir-it all a - flame, Glo - ry to the bleeding Lamb!

REFRAIN.

D. C.

The Lamb! the Lamb! the bleeding Lamb! I love the sound of Je-sus' name.

- 2 He bore my sins, and curse, and shame, 4 And when the storms of life are o'er,
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb; Glory to the bleeding Lamb;
 And I am sav'd thro' Jesus' name, I'll sing upon a happier shore.
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb. Glory to the bleeding Lamb.
- 3 I know my sins are all forgiv'n, 5 And this my ceaseless song shall be,
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb; Glory to the bleeding Lamb:—
 And I am on my way to heav'n, That Jesus tasted death for me,
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb. Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

34

JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

- 1 Jesus, lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high;
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life is past;
 Safe into the haven guide,
 O receive my soul at last.
- 2 Other refuge have I none;
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
 Leave, O leave me not alone;
 Still support and comfort me:
 All my trust on thee is stay'd;
 All my help from thee I bring;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want:
 More than all in thee I find;
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind:
 Just and holy is thy name;
 I am all unrighteousness;
 False, and full of sin I am;
 Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4 Plenteous grace with thee is found—
 Grace to cover all my sin;
 Let the healing streams abound;
 Make and keep me pure within;
 Thou of life the fountain art;
 Freely let me take of thee:
 Spring thou up within my heart;
 Rise to all eternity.

1. A great Rock stands in a wea-ry land, And its shad-ows fall on the
 2. A great Well lies in a wea-ry land, And its waters call o-ver
 3. A wide Fold stands in a wea-ry land, And the sheep are call-ed on

parch-ed sand; And it calls to the trav-el-er pass-ing by: I will
 life's rough strand; That great well is full, with its waters rife, Springing
 ev-'ry hand; And the Shep-herd no wan-der-er turns a-way, But he

shelter thee here from the burning sky. Then why will ye die? Oh!
 up in-to ev-er-last-ing life. Then why will ye die? Oh!
 bids him to en-ter, rest and stay, Then why will ye die? Oh!

why will ye die? When the Shelt'ring Rock is standing by? Oh!
 why will ye die? When the great deep Well is standing by? Oh!
 why will ye die? When the great wide Fold is standing by? Oh!

4

A rude Cross stands near a city wall,
 Where the Saviour dies out of love for all;
 Where the angels tell out the message blest,
 That the way is now plain to endless rest!
 Then why will ye die?
 Oh! why will ye die?
 When the blood-stained Cross is standing by?
 Oh! why? why will ye die?

36 More of Thyself, Lord Jesus.

A. E. A. S.

(Col. 3: 11.)

E. C. AVIS.

Slow, with Expression.

1. More of Thy-self, Lord Je - sus; more of Thy - self for me;
 2. More of Thy-self, Lord Je - sus; more of Thy - self to know;
 3. Sure-ly there's in thy ful - ness e - nough to meet my need;
 4. More of Thy-self, the Truth, Lord; more of Thy - self, the Way;

More of thy hid - den beau - ties, dai - ly, I long to see.
 More of the love that led thee for us to stoop so low;
 Sure - ly to know and love thee, is life, and life in - deed!
 More of Thy - self, the Life, Lord, in res - ur - rec - tion sway.

More of thy low - ly spir - it, more of thy pa - tient grace,
 More of the grace a - bound - ing, that could o'er sin pre - vail;
 Oh, to be with thee, like thee, and see thee as thou art!
 All, all a - round is dark - ness, light in thy light I see—

More of the won - drous wis - dom we in thy path - way trace.
 More of the calm o - be - dience death's ter - rors could not quail.
 Thou on - ly and thou ful - ly canst fill my crav - ing heart.
 More of Thy-self, Lord Je - sus; more of Thy - self for me.

E. C. AVIS.

W. S. MARTIN.

mf Con Espressivo.

1. Lean-ing on Je - sus, I find sweetest rest; Trusting his promise, each
 2. Lean-ing on Je - sus, when weary and worn, He all my griefs and my
 3. Lean-ing on Je - sus, my Shepherd and King, Kept from the pow'r of temp-

cres.

day I am blest; No more in pleasures of earth I con-fide,
 sor - rows hath borne; Looking to him, I have lost ev - 'ry care,
 ta - tion and sin; No lon - ger doubting, but hope to the end,

*mf**CHORUS.*

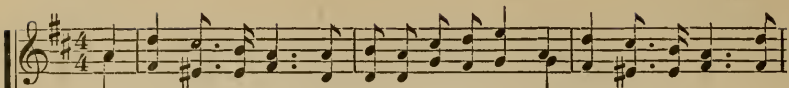
Lean-ing on him all my wants are supplied. Leaning on Je - sus, oh!
 Long-ing for more of his presence to share.
 Find-ing in Je - sus a Saviour and Friend.

wondrous the thought, Since by his own precious blood I am bought; Per-fect sal-

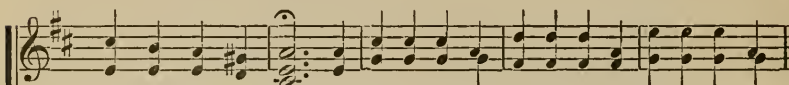
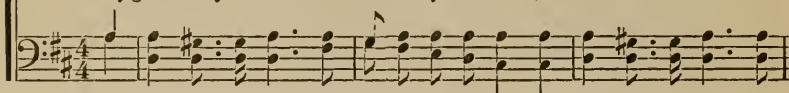
va-tion thro' him we re-ceive, Offer'd so freely to all who be-lieve.

W. S. M.

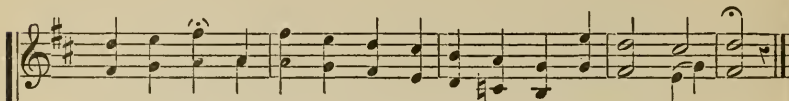
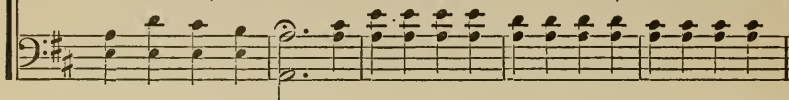
W. S. MARTIN.



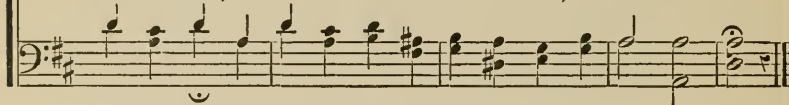
1. "By grace are ye sav'd:" O message full of love; "By grace are ye sav'd:" The
2. O won-der - ful grace, The grace of God to me, A sin-ner condemn'd, But
3. "By grace are ye sav'd:" No other way is known; Sal-va-tion is free Thro'



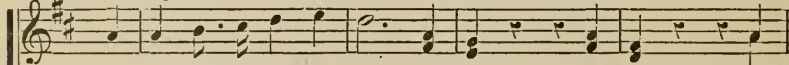
grace of God above Has purchas'd pardon for the slave, And giv'n his Son our
now by Christ made free. No longer now a child of sin, His precious blood has
Je-sus Christ, the Son. He waits to bless thee with his love, He intercedes for



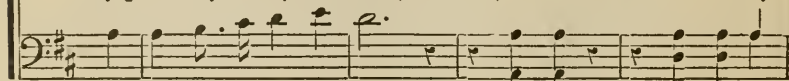
souls to save, And giv'n his Son our souls to save, our souls to save.
made me free, His precious blood has made me free, has made me free.
thee a - bove, He in - ter - cedes for thee a - bove, for thee a - bove.



CHORUS.



"By grace are ye sav'd," Thro' faith, thro' faith, thro' faith: "By



thro' faith, thro' faith,

"BY GRACE ARE YE SAVED." Concluded.

grace are ye sav'd," Thro' faith, Thro' faith, and that not of yourselves. Not of

works, not of works, not of works, not of works, Not of
not of works, not of works, not of works,

DUET.

works, lest any man should boast. It is the gift of God. It is the gift of

God. It is the gift of God, the gift of God....

39

"I KNOW WHOM I HAVE BELIEVED."

2 Tim. 1: 12.

1 I know not what may be my lot,
In palace grand or lowly cot;
But humble, though my home may be,
The King of Glory dwells with me.

Chorus. 1 Tim. 1: 12.

For "I know whom I have believed,"
And am persuaded that he is able
To keep that which I've committed
Unto him, against that day.

2 I know not what may be my pain,
My grief, my loss, my joy or gain;

But having him, my soul hath claimed
The Christ of God, I'm not ashamed.

3 I know not what fond friend may go
And leave me, or become my foe;
But having found the Friend I need,
He'll ever be my Friend indeed.

4 I know not what the way may be,
The time, or place: he'll come for me;
But little need I fear or care
How life may close, or when, or where

REV. W. H. PORTER.

Words by Rev. ELISHA HOFFMAN.

Music by Rev. J. H. STOCKTON, by per.

1. Down at the cross where my Saviour died, Down, where for cleansing from
 2. I am so wondrously sav'd from sin: Je - sus so sweetly a -
 3. Oh, precious fountain, that saves from sin, I am so glad I have
 4. Come to this fountain, so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the

sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood applied: Glory to his
 bides with-in; There at the cross where he took me in, Glory to his
 en - ter'd in; There Je-sus saves me and keeps me clean, Glory to his
 Saviour's feet; Plunge in to-day, and be made complete, Glory to his

CHORUS.

name. Glo - ry to his name. Glo - ry to his name.

There to my heart was the blood ap - plied, Glo - ry to his name.

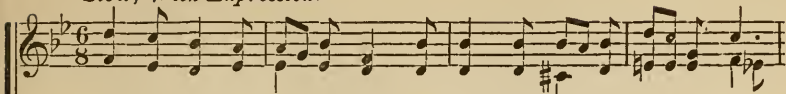
41 Jesus, Saviour, ever Lead me.

E. C. A.

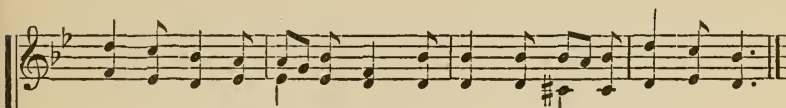
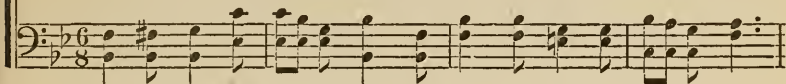
(Ps. 27 : 11.)

E. C. AVIS.

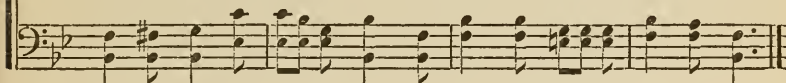
Slow, With Expression.



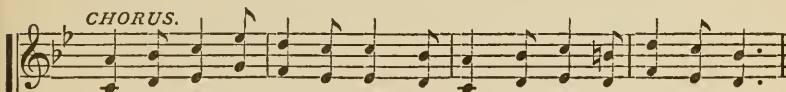
1. Je - sus, Saviour, ev - er lead me, For a - lone I go a - stray ;
2. Je - sus, Saviour, let me ev - er Un - der-neath thy wings a - bide ;
3. Je - sus, Saviour, as I journey, Let me trust thee day by day ;
4. Je - sus, Saviour, when life's end-ed, And the hour has come to die,



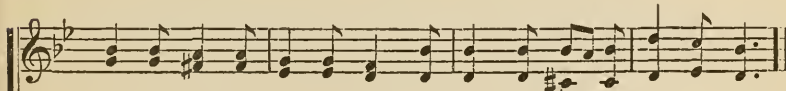
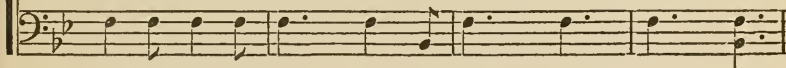
But with thee as guide, pro-tec - tor, I can nev-er lose my way.
Then, when sin and death o'ertake me, I'll be shelter'd at thy side.
For if I but on - ly trust thee, I can nev-er, nev-er stray.
May I hear thee sweetly say - ing, "Fear thou not, for I am nigh."



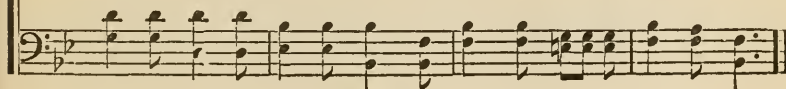
CHORUS.



They who trust thee shall not per - ish, Thou hast died that all might live ;



Not by feel - ing, but be - liev - ing, We e - ter - nal life re - ceive.



1. In the clift of the Rock is a ref-uge complete; Not a foe can dis -
 2. In the clift of the Rock the fierce winds never blow! It is shel-ter di -
 3. As the sun in his beau-ty is shining a - far, So a brightness will
 4. In the clift of the Rock I will hasten to hide; In the clift of the

turb in that blissful re - treat: If the soul seeks its God, when the
 vine! it is heaven be - low! It is Beth - el to souls that are
 gleam from the gate that's a - jar, And the Lord in his glo - ry the
 Rock I shall safe-ly a - bide: For the Lord with his hand will pro -

wick-ed as - sail, Then the an - gels of darkness can nev-er pre-vail.
 wea - ry and sad, For the Lord giveth songs that are joy-ful and glad.
 Rock will pass by, And the heart will be strengthen'd with light from on high.
 tect me when there: I shall rest in his love! I shall feel his sweet care!

CHORUS.

To the clift of the Rock I will flee!.. To the clift of the Rock I will flee!....
 To the clift of the Rock I will flee! To the clift of the Rock I will flee!

It was reft for me! It was reft for me! To the clift of the Rock I will flee!....
 To the clift, To the clift of the Rock I will flee!

L. R. H.

W. S. MARTIN.

1. Bless-ed.. morn of light and glo-ry, Bright'ning all the com-ing years;
 2. Hail! all hail! our blessed Saviour, Thou hast borne our griefs and woes;
 3. Crown him! crown him! King and Saviour! Let the earth give thanks and sing

O - ver sin and death vic-torious, Christ, the ris - en Lord, ap-pears.
 Thou hast pass'd the grave's dark portals, Thou wilt conquer ev-'ry foe.
 Prais-es.. to our blest Re-deem-er, Till the heav'ns with triumph ring.

DUET.

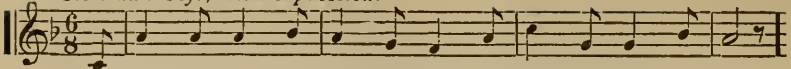
Hal - le - lu-jah! "He is ris - en!" Sin and death bear sway no more:

CHORUS.

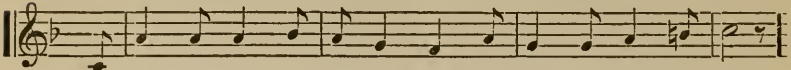
Je - sus reign-eth, Je - sus reigneth O'er the earth for - ev - er-more!

E. C. A.

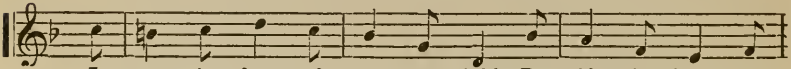
E. C. AVIS.

Slow and Soft, with expression.

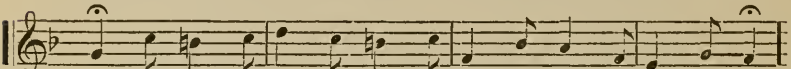
1. I dream'd, and lo my heart was sad, One dark and storm-y night;
2. I look'd, and lo 'twas but a lad, Hun-gry, and poor-ly clad;
3. I wept, and lo as morn drew near, He pray'd his fi - nal prayer:



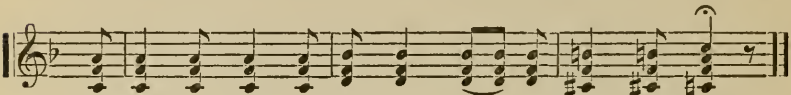
As I pass'd by a lit - tle church, All clad in gar - ments white,
A - las! he was a drunkard's child; No home, the night so wild;
"O God," he said, "save pa - pa's boy From such a storm-y gale;"



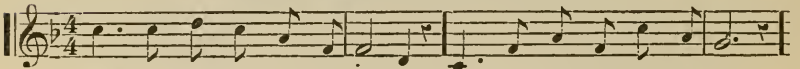
I saw the form of a poor child, Be - side the church he
The moth - er too had just gone home, Be - side the church she
And soon his eyes were clos'd in death, He pass'd with - in the



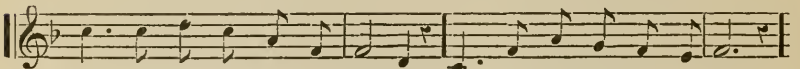
lay, The snow to be his on - ly wrap, Un - til the dawn of day;
lay: The fa - ther was a drink - ing man, And turn'd them both a - way;
vale, The an - gels bore him on their wings To realms of end - less day;



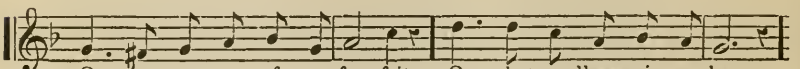
And there a - lone, in mid - night air, He sang that song.
And there a - lone, for - sa - ken and cold, He sang a - loud—
While there a - lone, God heard his prayer, And took him home.

*Sing after first Solo verse.***WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS.**

What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear;

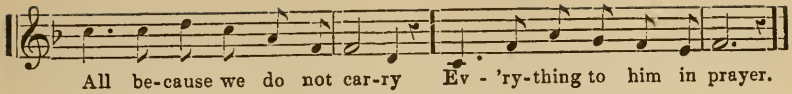


What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry - thing to him in prayer.

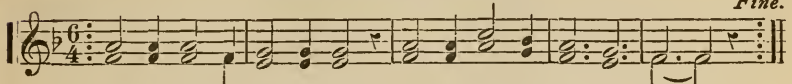


O, what peace we oft - en for - feif, O, what needless pain we bear;

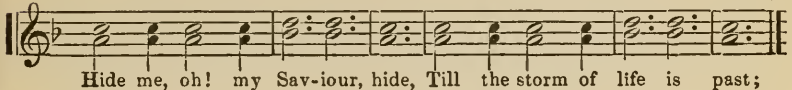
A DREAM. Concluded.



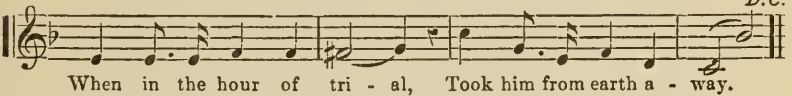
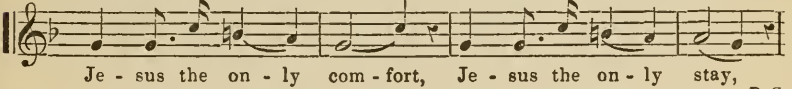
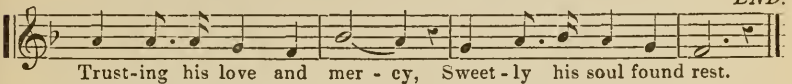
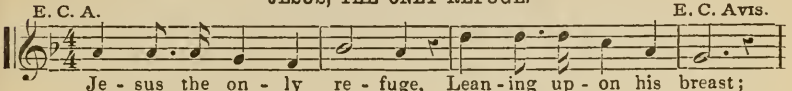
Sing after second Solo verse,
JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.



{ Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly, }
 { While the storms around me roll, While the tempest still is high; }
D. C. Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh! re - ceive my soul at last.



Sing after third Solo verse.
JESUS, THE ONLY REFUGE.



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45

YOUR MISSION.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Hark! the voice of Jesus crying,
 "Who will go and work to-day?
 Fields are white, and harvest waiting,
 Who will bear the sheaves away?"
 Loud and strong the Master calleth,
 Rich reward he offers thee;
 Who will answer, gladly saying,
 "Here am I, send me, send me."</p> | <p>3 If you cannot speak like angels,
 If you cannot preach like Paul,
 You can tell the love of Jesus,
 You can say "He died for all!"
 If you cannot rouse the wicked,
 With the judgment's dread alarms,
 You can lead the little children
 To the Saviour's waiting arms</p> |
| <p>2 If you cannot cross the ocean,
 And the heathen lands explore,
 You can find the heathen nearer,
 You can help them at your door.
 If you cannot give your thousands,
 You can give the widow's mite;
 And the least you do for Jesus,
 Will be precious in his sight.</p> | <p>4 Let none hear you idly saying,
 "There is nothing I can do,"
 While the souls of men are dying,
 And the Master calls for you.
 Take the task he gives you gladly,
 Let his work your pleasure be;
 Answer quickly when he calleth,
 "Here am I, send me, send me!"</p> |

ALICE M. LOWE.

N. S. HOWARD.

1. At the feet of Je - sus wait - ing, I have heard his sweet command :
 2. At the feet of Je - sus wait - ing, Do - ing what he bids me do,
 3. At the feet of Je - sus wait - ing, Laying ev - 'ry bur - den down,

“Go and work with - in my vine - yard, La - bor with thy heart and hand.”
 Toil - ing, suffering, and en - dur - ing, For his grace will bear me through.
 Leav - ing all the world can give me, For a bright and glorious crown !

CHORUS.

I am waiting, always waiting, Waiting now to do his will :
 I am waiting, always waiting,

Waiting now to bear the message, And my call - ing to ful - fil.

4
 At the feet of Jesus waiting,
 Just as he would have me be,
 Waiting for the home in glory
 He's preparing now for me.

5
 At the feet of Jesus waiting,
 May I ever there be found ;
 Proving, by my faithful service,
 Christ in me to all around.

With Expression.

1. Thy love to me, O Christ, Thy love to me, .. Not mine to thee, I plead,
 2. Thy record I believe, Thy word to me; .. Thy love I now re-ceive,
 3. Im - mortal love of thine, Thy sac - ri - fice, In - fi - nite need of mine
 4. Let me more clearly trace Thy love to me, See in the Father's face

Not mine to thee! This is my com - fort strong, This is my
 Full, changeless, free: Love from the sin - less Son, Love to the
 On - ly sup - plies. Streams of di - vin - est pow'r Flow to me,
 His love for thee; Know as he loves the Son, So dost thou

on - ly song, Thy love, O Christ, to me, Thy love to me.
 sin - ful one, Thy love, O Christ, to me, Thy love to me.
 ev - 'ry hour, Thy love, O Christ, to me, Thy love to me.
 love thine own: Thy love, O Christ, to me, Thy love to me.

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- 1 Work, for the night is coming; Give every flying minute
 Work through the morning hours; Something to keep in store;
 Work, while the dew is sparkling; Work, for the night is coming,
 Work, 'mid springing flowers: When man works no more.
- 2 Work, for the night is coming; Work, for the night is coming,
 Work through the sunny noon; Under the sunset skies;
 Fill brightest hours with labor; While their bright tints are glowing,
 Rest comes sure and soon: Work, for daylight flies.
- 3 Work, for the night is coming, Work, till the last beam fadeth,
 Under the sunset skies; Fadeth to shine no more;
 While their bright tints are glowing, Work, while the night is dark'ning,
 Work, for daylight flies. When man's work is o'er.

Bringing in the Sheaves.

Words from "SONGS OF GLORY."

Music by GEO. A. MINOR. By per.

1. Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, Sowing in the noon-tide,
 2. Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows, Fearing neither clouds nor
 3. Go, then, ev - er weeping, sowing for the Master, Tho' the loss sustain'd our

and the dew - y eyes; Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping,
 winter's chilling breeze; By and by the harvest, and the la - bor ended,
 spir - it oft - en grieves; When our weeping's over, he will bid us welcome,

REFRAIN.

We shall come re - joic - ing, bringing in the sheaves. Bringing in the sheaves,

bringing in the sheaves, We shall come re - joic - ing, bringing in the sheaves.

Bringing in the sheaves, We shall come rejoicing,
 bringing in the sheaves, [bringia in the sheaves.]

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

E. C. Avis.

With Expression.

1. "Just as I am," thine own to be, Friend of the young, who lov - est me;
 2. In the glad morning of my day, My life to give, my vows to pay,
 3. I would live ev - er in the light, I would work ev - er for the right,
 4. "Just as I am," young, strong and free, To be the best that I can be,

To con - se - crate my - self to thee, O, Je - sus Christ, I come, I come.
 With no re - serve, and no de - lay, With all my heart I come, I come.
 I would serve thee with all my might, Therefore to thee I come, I come.
 For truth, and righteousness, and thee, Lord of my life, I come, I come.

- 5 With many dreams of fame and gold, Success and joy to make me bold,
 But dearest still my faith to hold,
 For my whole life I come, I come.
- 6 And for thyself to win renown
 And then receive the victor's crown,
 And at thy feet to cast it down,
 Jesus, my Lord, I come, I come.

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51

ALAS! AND DID MY SAVIOUR BLEED.

- 1 Alas! and did my Saviour bleed,
 And did my Sovereign die?
 Would he devote that sacred head
 For such a worm as I?
- 2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
 He groaned upon the tree?
 Amazing pity! grace unknown!
 And love beyond degree!
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
 And shut his glories in,
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
 While his dear cross appears,
 Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
 And melt mine eyes to tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
 The debt of love I owe:
 Here, Lord, I give myself away—
 'Tis all that I can do.

52

C. M.

- 1 O for a heart to praise my God,
 A heart from sin set free:
 A heart that always feels thy blood,
 So freely spilt for me:
- 2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
 My great Redeemer's throne;
 Where only Christ is heard to speak—
 Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
 Believing, true, and clean;
- 4 Which neither life nor death can part
 From him that dwells within:
- 4 A heart in every thought renew'd,
 And full of love Divine;
 Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
 A copy, Lord, of thine.
- 5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart:
 Come quickly from above;
 Write thy new name upon my heart—
 Thy new, best name of love.

1. { O good old way, how sweet thou art, All the way long it is Je - sus; }
 { May none of us from thee de-part, All the way long it is Je - sus. }

CHORUS.

Je - sus, Je - sus, All the way long it is Je - sus.

2 But may our actions always say
 We're marching in the good old way.

3 This note above the rest shall swell,
 That Jesus doeth all things well.

54

THE CLEANSING FOUNTAIN.

- 1 There is a fountain filled with blood,
 Drawn from Immanuel's veirs,
 And sinners, plunged beneath that flood, 3
 Lose all their guilty stains.
- Cho.*—I do believe, I now believe,
 That Jesus died for me,
 And with his blood, his precious blood, 4
 Wash'd all my sins away.
- 2 The dying thief, rejoiced to see
 That fountain in his day,
- And there may I, though vile as he,
 Wash all my sins away.
 3 Thou dying Lamb! thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its power,
 Till all the ransomed Church of God
 Are saved, to sin no more.
 4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be till I die.

55

CROSS AND CROWN.

- 1 Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
 And all the world go free?
 No, there's a cross for every one,
 And there's a cross for me.
- 2 How happy are the saints above,
 Who once went sorrowing here;
 But now they taste unmingled love,
 And joy without a tear.
- 3 The consecrated cross I'll bear
 Till death shall set me free.
- And then go home my crown to wear,
 For there's a crown for me.
- 4 Upon the crystal pavement, down
 At Jesus' pierced feet,
 Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown,
 And his dear name repeat.
- 5 O precious cross! O glorious crown!
 O resurrection day!
 Ye angels, from the stars come down,
 And bear my soul away.

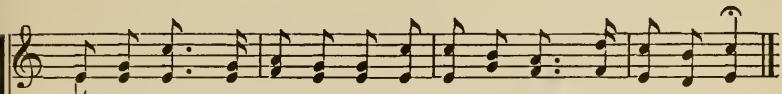
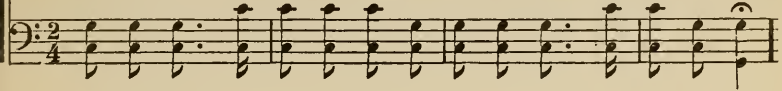
56 My Dear Lord is Quickly Coming.

JASON F. GUILD.

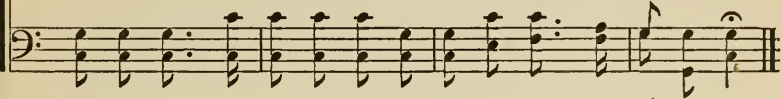
JOSHUA GILL.



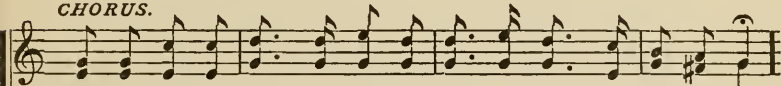
1. My dear Lord is quickly coming, Help me tell the glorious news;
2. Down the shining, heav'nly pathway, See his glittering chariot roll;
3. See the slumbering millions rising, Caught up quick-ly in the air;
4. See the gem - be - studded ci - ty, With its pavements made of gold;
5. See the new cre - a - tion ris - ing From the curse of sin's dread doom;



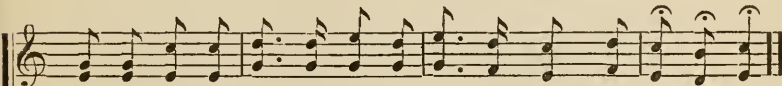
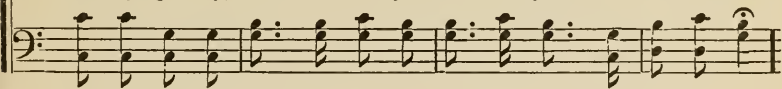
Let his her - alds go be - fore him, And proclaim to Greeks and Jews.
 Hear the tri - umph of his peo - ple Ringing out from pole to pole.
 And the liv - ing made im - mor - tal, In their glo - rious triumph share.
 And the shin - ing, pearly portals, Throng'd with numbers all un - told.
 And in beau - ty far outshining All the wealth of E - den bloom.



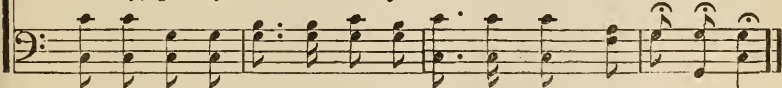
CHORUS.



Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! I'll re - joice to see him come;



Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! He will take us to our home.



57 Go wash in that beautiful stream.

J. G.

G. K. A.

1. There's a fountain of cleansing, that springs from a - bove; There's a
 2. O, the guilt and the pain of the life that you live, The...
 3. O, the joy and the peace of the life that I know, The...

stream flowing down from the cross; There is peace in be-liev-ing, there's
 pov - er - ty, sickness and cost; O,.. come to the Saviour, who
 safe - ty, and plen-ty, and rest; O,.. come to the Saviour, he'll

joy, hope and love, And freedom from worry and loss. O, sin-ner, dear
 par-don will give, Who seeks and who saves what was lost. O, sin-ner, dear
 cleansing be-stow, And crown you at last with the blest. O, sin-ner, dear

sin - ner, come list - en, I pray, And do not of hap - pi - ness dream;
 sin - ner, what more shall I say? See yon - der the water's bright gleam:
 sin - ner, do come while you may, Just fol - low the light's guiding beam;

GO WASH IN THAT BEAUTIFUL STREAM. Concluded.

Fine.

Musical score for the first part of the hymn. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature has three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and the time signature is 3/8. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line and a fermata over the final chord.

No longer delay, but plunge in to-day, And wash in that beautiful stream.
 No longer delay, but plunge in to-day, And wash in that beautiful stream.
 No longer delay, but plunge in to-day, And wash in that beautiful stream.

D.S. No longer delay, but plunge in to-day, And wash in that beautiful stream.

CHORUS.

D.S.

Musical score for the chorus. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature has three flats and the time signature is 3/8. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line and a fermata over the final chord.

Go wash in that beautiful stream, Go wash in that beautiful stream;
 beautiful stream,

58 I'm Kneeling at the Mercy-seat.

(Use any Common Metre Hymn with this Chorus.)

Musical score for the first part of the hymn. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/8. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line and a fermata over the final chord.

I'm kneeling at the mer-cy-seat, I'm kneeling at the mer-cy-seat,
 I can, I will, I do be-lieve, I can, I will, I do be-lieve,

Musical score for the chorus. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature has one sharp and the time signature is 6/8. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line and a fermata over the final chord.

I'm kneel-ing at the mer - cy-seat, Where Je - sus answers prayer.
 I can, I will, I do be-lieve That Je - sus saves me now.

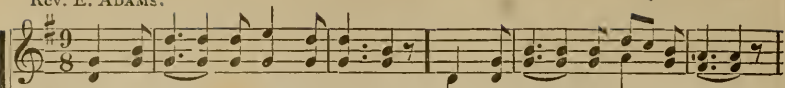
59

THE REFINING POWER OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

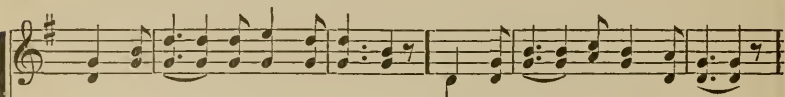
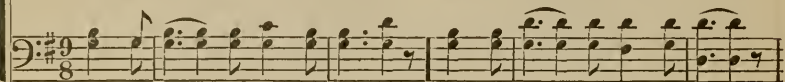
- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Jesus, thine all-victorious love
 Shed in my heart abroad;
 Then shall my feet no longer rove,
 Rooted and fixed in God.</p> | <p>3 O that it now from heaven might fall,
 And all my sins consume;
 Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call;
 Spirit of burning, come.</p> |
| <p>2 O that in me the sacred fire
 Might now begin to glow;
 Burn up the dross of base desire,
 And make the mountains flow.</p> | <p>4 Refining fire, go through my heart;
 Illuminate my soul:
 Scatter thy life through every part,
 And sanctify the whole.</p> |

Rev. E. ADAMS.

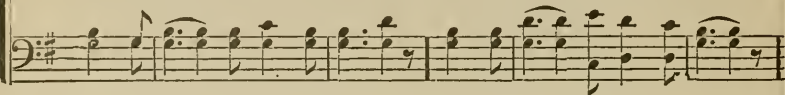
J. M. EVANS.



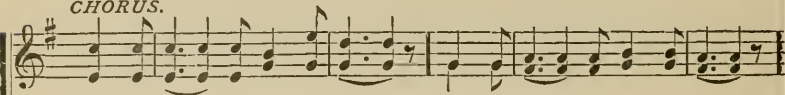
1. "Land a - head!" its fruits are waving O'er the hills of fade-less green;
2. Onward, bark! the cape I'm rounding; See, the bless-ed wave their hands,
3. There, let go the an-chor, riding On this calm and silvery bay;
4. Now we're safe from all temptation, All the storms of life are past;



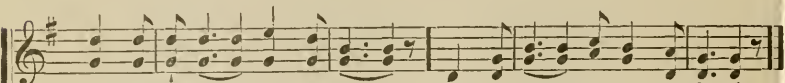
And the liv - ing wa-ters lav-ing Shores where heav'nly forms are seen.
 Hear the harps of God resounding From the bright im-mor-tal bands.
 Sea - ward fast the tide is gliding; Shores in sunlight stretch a - way.
 Praise the Rock of our Sal-va-tion, We are safe at home at last.



CHORUS.

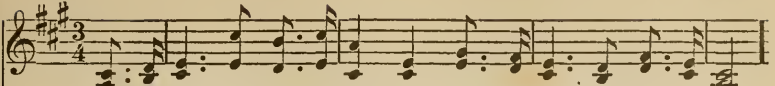


Rocks and storms I'll fear no more, When on that e - ter-nal shore.

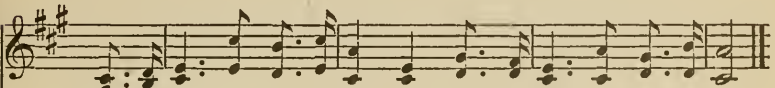


Drop the an - chor! furl the sail! I am safe with-in the vail!

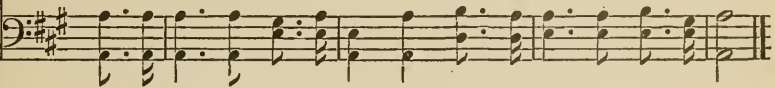




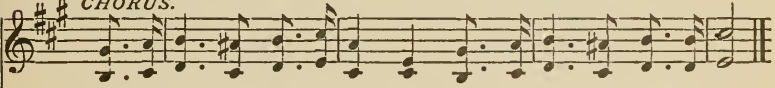
1. Lord, I come, I wait no long - er, Take me now with all my guilt ;
2. I have long withstood the message, Groping on in darkness drear ;
3. I have nought to bring be-fore thee, But thy promise, Lord, I plead ;
4. Long I've sought for earthly pleasure, But a - las! 'twas empty, vain ;



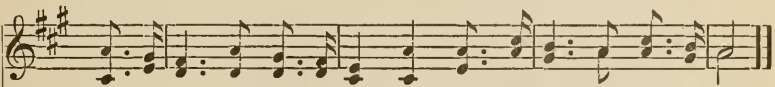
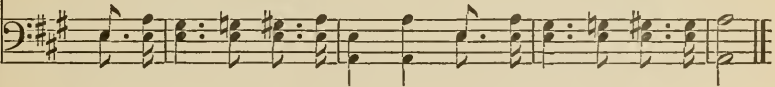
Wretched, lost, is my con-di - tion, Save me, Je - sus, as thou wilt.
 But I now ac-cept the of - fer, Light and peace my heart to cheer.
 Though my wants are great and many, Thou canst well sup-ply my need.
 Now I seek for Je - sus on - ly, Let him on - ly be my gain.



CHORUS.



Now I make a full sur-ren - der, At thy feet I hum-bly bow ;



All my sin and guilt confess - ing, Je - sus, take and save me now.



62 Jesus, I my Cross have taken. 8, 7. D.

Words by HENRY F. LYTE.

Arr. from JOHANN C. W. A. MOZART.

1. Je-sus, I my cross have taken, All to leave and fol-low thee;

Naked, poor, despised, for-sa-ken, Thou from hence my all shalt be:

D. S.—Yet how rich is my con-di-tion, God and heav'n are still my own.

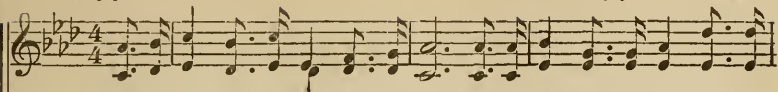
Per-ish ev-'ry fond am-bi-tion, All I've sought, and hop'd, and known;

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
Thou art not, like man, untrue:
And, while thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me;
Show thy face, and all is bright.</p> <p>3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come, disaster, scorn and pain!
In thy service, pain is pleasure;
With thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called thee, "Abba, Father;"
I have stayed my heart on thee:
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.</p> <p>4 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.</p> | <p>O 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me;
O 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with thee.</p> <p>5 Know, my soul, thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
What a Father's smile is thine;
What a Saviour died to win thee:
Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?</p> <p>6 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.</p> |
|--|---|

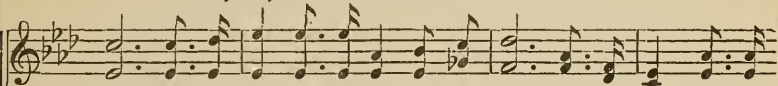
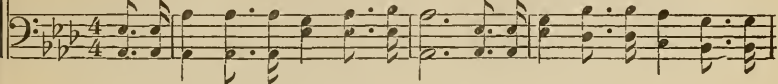
63 His Blood Washes Whiter than Snow.

Words by JOSHUA GILL.

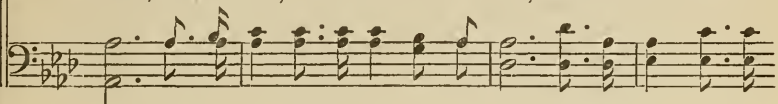
Music by JNO. R. SWENEY.



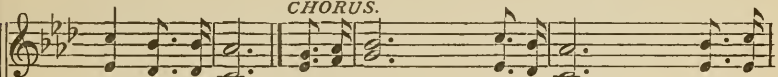
1. Jesus saves me and keeps me from sin, And in tri-umph I walk here be -
2. It is bless-ed his pres-ence to feel, And his per-fect sal-va-tion to
3. In his care I am hap-py and blest, While the moments in peace ev-er
4. When in glory the Saviour we meet, When the King in his beauty we



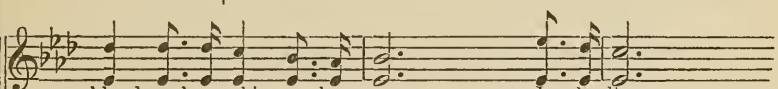
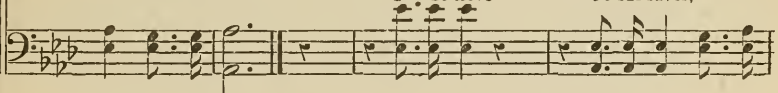
low; Thro' his Spir-it and Word I am clean, And his blood washes
show; For his love he delights to re-veal, And his blood washes
flow; And my Spir-it is al-ways at rest, For his blood washes
know; We'll con-fess, as we fall at his feet, That his blood washes



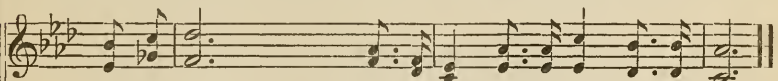
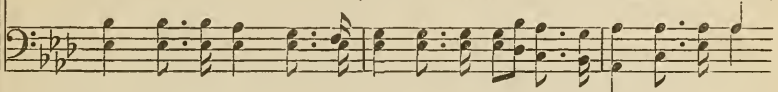
CHORUS.



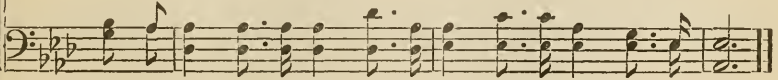
whit-er than snow. I be-lieve Je-sus saves, And his
I be-lieve Je-sus saves,



blood wash-es whit-er than snow. I be-lieve
Yes, whit-er than snow. I be-lieve Je-sus saves,



Je-sus saves, And his blood washes whit-er than snow.
I be-lieve Je-sus saves,



Copyright, 1885, by Jno. R. SWENEY. By per.

1. When thou wakest in the morn-ing, Ere thou tread the unknown way
 2. In the calm of sweet com-mun-ion, Let thy dai - ly work be done;
 3. Then, as hour by hour glides by thee, Thou wilt blessed guidance know;
 4. And if wea - ri - ness creep o'er thee, As the day wears to its close,

Of the lot that lies be-fore thee Thro' the com - ing bu - sy day;
 In the peace of soul-out-pour-ing, Care be ban - ish'd, patience won;
 Thine own bur-dens be - ing lighten'd, Thou canst bear an - oth - er's woe;
 Or if sud - den fierce tempta - tion Bring thee face to face with foes,

Whether sunbeams promise brightness, Whether dim for - bod - ings fall,
 And if earth, with its enchantments, Seek thy spir - it to en - thrall,
 Thou canst help the weak ones onward, Thou canst raise up those that fall;
 In thy weak - ness, in thy per - il, Raise to heav'n a trust - ful call,

Be thy dawn-ing glad or gloom-y, Go to Je - sus—tell him all!
 Ere thou list - en—ere thou answer—Turn to Je - sus—tell him all!
 But re - mem - ber, while thou servest, Still tell Je - sus—tell him all!
 Strength and calm for ev - 'ry tri - al Come—in tell - ing Je - sus all!

1. And is it so? a lit - tle while, And then the life un - dy - ing,
 2. Then be it ours to journey on In paths that he de - crees us,
 3. A lit - tle while! and he shall come—Light of our eyes, our long - ing—
 4. O 'twill be pass - ing sweet to gaze On him in all his glo - ry,

The light of God's un-cloud-ed smile, The sing-ing for the sigh-ing?
 Where his own feet before have gone,—Our Strength, our Hope, our Jesus.
 His own voice bids us welcome home; And we his peo - ple thronging—
 And, lost in love and glad a - maze, To shout Re-demp-tion's sto - ry;

A lit - tle while! oh, glorious word; Sweet sol - ace to our sor - row;
 In low - ly fel - low-ship with him, The cross ap - point-ed bear-ing,
 Shall rest our hearts in his em - brace, Dear ref - uge—ours for - ev - er!—
 Till an - gels bend to catch the strain Our hu - man lips are swelling,

And then for - ev - er with the Lord, The ev - er - last - ing mor - row.
 For oh, a crown no grief can dim, One day we shall be wear-ing.
 Look up - ward to his bless - ed face, And fear its hid - ing nev - er.
 And "Worthy is the Lamb once slain" Resounds thro' heaven's high dwelling.

J. H. K.

Music by J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1. At the sounding of the trumpet, when the saints are gather'd home, We will
 2. When the angel of the Lord proclaims that time shall be no more, We shall
 3. At the great and final judgment, when the hidden comes to light, When the
 4. When the golden harps are sounding, and the angel bands proclaim In tri -

greet each other by the crystal sea, With the friends and all the lov'd ones there a-
 gather, and the sav'd and ransom'd see; Then to meet again together, on the
 Lord in all his glory we shall see; At the bidding of our Saviour, "Come, ye
 umphant strains the glorious jubilee; Then to meet and join to sing the song of
 crystal sea,

wait-ing us to come, What a gath'ring of the faith-ful that will be!
 bright ce - les - tial shore, What a gath'ring of the faith-ful that will be!
 bless-ed, to my right, "What a gath'ring of the faith-ful that will be!
 Mo - ses and the Lamb, What a gath'ring of the faith-ful that will be!

CHORUS.

What a gath - - - 'ring, gath - - 'ring, At the
 What a gath'ring of the lov'd ones when we'll meet with one a - oth-er,

sounding of the glorious ju - bi - lee! What a gath - - 'ring
 jubilee! What a gath'ring when the friends and all the

What a Gath'ring, etc. Concluded.

gath - - - 'ring, What a gath'ring of the faith-ful that will be!
 dear ones meet each oth-er,

67

At the Fountain.

Arranged for this Work.

1. Of him who did sal - va - tion bring, I'm at the fountain drink-ing;
 2. Ask but his grace, and lo! 'tis giv'n, I'm at the fountain drink-ing;

CHORUS.

I could for-ev-er think and sing, I'm on my journey home. Glo - ry to
 Ask, and he turns your hell to heav'n, I'm on my journey home.

God, I'm at the fountain drinking, Glory to God, I'm on my journey home.

last v. — My soul is sat-is-fied.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>3 Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,
 I'm at the fountain drinking;
 Jesus, thy balm will make it whole,
 I'm on my journey home.</p> | <p>5 Where'er I am, where'er I move,
 I'm at the fountain drinking;
 I meet the object of my love,
 I'm on my journey home.</p> |
| <p>4 Let all the world fall down and know
 I'm at the fountain drinking;
 That none but God such love can show,
 I'm on my journey home.</p> | <p>6 Insatiate to this spring I fly,
 I'm at the fountain drinking;
 I drink, and yet am ever dry,
 I'm on my journey home.</p> |

1. Dear Saviour, may I call thee mine? My hope, my friend, my guide?
 2. My Saviour's hallow'd cross I'd bear, Who bore the cross for me,
 3. My Saviour's arm I'd lean up-on, His pow'r a-lone I'd prove;

Per-ish in ru-ins all that would With thee my heart di- vide.
 And who in shameful ag-o-ny Ex-pir'd up-on the tree.
 And knowing on-ly his sweet will, I'd prompt to du-ty move.

My Saviour's pard'ning voice I'd hear, His sav-ing pow'r a-dore,
 My Saviour's low-ly mind I'd have, Am-bi-tious thoughts at rest,
 My Saviour's lov-ing words I'd hear, His wondrous works I'd trace,

And have his love and zeal in-spire My own, yet more and more.
 And walk-ing in his heav'nly ways, Be with his pres-ence blest.
 Till call'd to dwell for-ev-er near And gaze up-on his face.

ELIZA H. MORTON.

N. S. HOWARD.

1. My peace was made by Christ, the Lord, Up - on the al - tar - tree;
 2. The cross, the cross, the bless - ed cross, I glo - ry in its pow'r;
 3. These dim and heavy eyes at length, Will see the Saviour's face;
 4. With - in the shadow of thy cross, O Saviour, I will hide;

The re - con - cil - ing work is done, His blood was shed for me.
 It is a ref - uge from the storm, It is a shelt'ring tower.
 I lift the cross, and look a - bove, And feel the heav'nly grace.
 'Tis sweet to feel thy lov - ing care, 'Tis sweet to there a - bide.

CHORUS.

I glo - ry in the cross, . . . I glo - ry in the cross;
 ev - er in the cross,

Come joy or pain, come loss or gain, I glo - ry in the cross.

1. O, sing of Je-sus, "Lamb of God," Who died on Cal - va - ry,
 2. O wondrous pow'r of love di-vine! So pure, so full, so free!
 3. All glo - ry now to Christ the Lord, And ev - er - more shall be:

And for a ran-som shed his blood, For you and e - ven me.
 It reaches out to all mankind, Em-brac-es e - ven me.
 He hath redeem'd a world from sin, And ransom'd e - ven me.

REFRAIN.

I'm re - deem'd,..... I'm re - deem'd,..... Through the
 I'm re-deem'd, I'm re-deem'd,

blood of the Lamb that was slain;..... I'm re - deem'd.....
 of the Lamb that was slain. I'm re-deem'd,

I'm re - deem'd,.... Hal - le - lu - jah un - to his name.
 I'm re-deem'd,

71 Is not this the Land of Beulah?

ANON.

ARRANGED.

1. I am dwell-ing on the mountain, Where the gold-en sunlight gleams
 2. I can see far down the mountain, Where I wandered wea-ry years,
 3. I am drink-ing at the fountain, Where I ev-er would a-bide;

O'er a land whose wondrous beauty Far ex-ceeds my fond-est dreams;
 Oft-en hindered in my journey By the ghosts of doubts and fears,
 For I've tast-ed life's pure riv-er, And my soul is sat-is-fied;

Where the air is pure, e-the-real, La-den with the breath of flowers,
 Bro-ken vows and dis-ap-point-ments Thickly sprinkled all the way,
 There's no thirst-ing for life's pleasures, Nor a-dorn-ing, rich and gay,

Cho. - Is not this the land of Beau-lah? Blessed, bles-sed land of light,

D. S. Chorus.

They are blooming by the fountain, 'Neath the am-a-ran-thine bow'rs.
 But the Spir-it led, un-erring, To the land I hold to-day.
 For I've found a rich-er treasure, One that fad-eth not a-way.

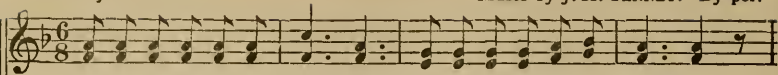
Where the flow-ers bloom for-ev-er, And the sun is always bright.

4 Tell me not of heavy crosses,
 Nor the burdens hard to bear,
 For I've found this great salvation
 Makes each burden light appear;
 And I love to follow Jesus,
 Gladly counting all but dross,
 Worldly honors all forsaking
 For the glory of the Cross.

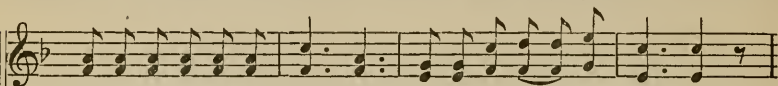
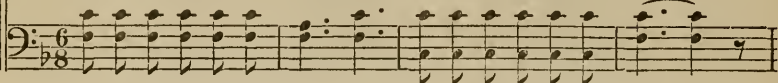
5 Oh, the Cross has wondrous glory!
 Oft I've proved this to be true;
 When I'm in the way so narrow,
 I can see a pathway through;
 And how sweetly Jesus whispers:
 Take the Cross, thou need'st not fear
 For I've tried the way before thee,
 And the glory lingers near.

Words by E. A. H.

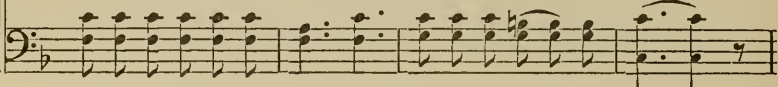
Music by J. H. TENNEY. By per.



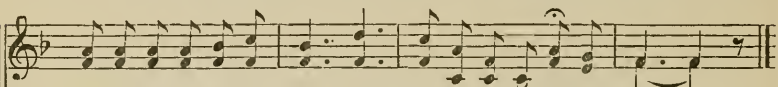
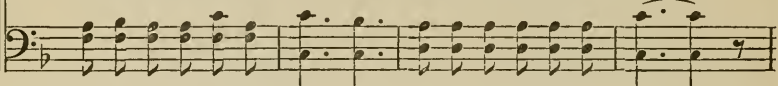
1. Is there a sin-ner a - wait - ing Mer-cy and pardon to - day?
2. Brother, the Master is wait - ing, Waiting to free-ly for - give;
3. Yes, he is coming to bless you, While in contrition you bow;



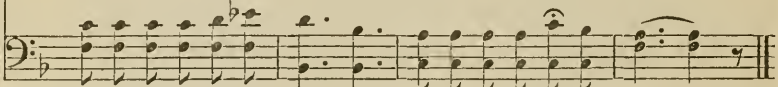
Welcome the news that we bring him: "Jesus is passing this way!"
 Why not this moment ac - cept him, Trust in his grace and live?
 Com-ing from sin to re - deem you, Read-y to save you now;



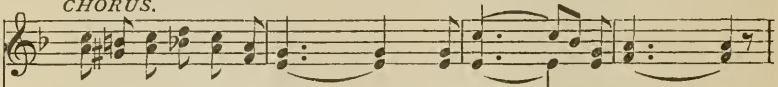
Coming in love and in mer - cy, Pardon and peace to be - stow,
 He is so tender and pre - cious, He is so near you to - day;
 Can you refuse the sal - va - tion Je - sus is of - fer - ing here?



Coming to save the poor sin - ner From his heart-anguish and woe.
 Open your heart to re - ceive him, While he is passing this way.
 Open your heart to ad - mit him, While he is coming so near.

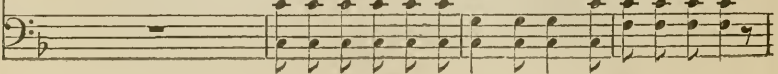


CHORUS.



Je - sus is passing this way, To - day, to - day,

Jesus is passing this way, To-day, is passing to-day!



Jesus is Passing this Way. Concluded.

While he is near, O be - lieve him, Open your heart to re - ceive him, For
 Je - sus is passing this way,.... Is passing this way to - day.
 this way,

73

What's the News?

Fine.

1. { Where'er we meet, you al - ways say What's the news? what's the news? }
 { Pray what's the or - der of the day? What's the news? what's the news? }

D.C. And triumph'd o - ver death and hell: That's the news! that's the news!

D.C.

Oh, I have got good news to tell, My Saviour hath done all things well,

2 His work's reviving all around;
 That's the news! that's the news!
 His saints are making songs resound;
 That's the news! that's the news!
 Poor sinners, doomed in sin and woe,
 Are now rejoicing as they go,
 And shouting glory here below:
 That's the news! that's the news!

3 He took my sorrows all away;
 That's the news! that's the news!
 He turned my darkness into day;
 That's the news! that's the news!
 Yes, Jesus saves me now, I know,
 His blood has wash'd me white as snow,
 And now I'm glad his love to show:
 That's the news! that's the news!

4 And Christ, the Lord, can save you now;
 That's the news! that's the news!
 Your sinful heart he can renew;
 That's the news! that's the news!
 This moment, if for sins you grieve,
 This moment, if you now believe,
 A full acquittal you'll receive:
 That's the news! that's the news!

5 And now if any one should say—
 What's the news? what's the news?
 Oh, tell them you've begun to pray;
 That's the news! that's the news!
 That you have join'd the conqu'ring band,
 And now, with joy, at God's command,
 You're marching to the better land:
 That's the news! that's the news!

THOS. E. WILSON.

(Matthew 16: 27.)

E. C. AVIS.

1. Christ is com-ing, let cre - a - tion Sound the joy - ful news a - broad;
2. Christ is com-ing, earth shall blossom In un - fading bloom once more;

In the glorious pro - cla - ma - tion, Let us join with glad ac - cord.
And we'll dwell in peace for - ev - er, On that bright ce - les - tial shore.

CHORUS.

Christ is coming, signs are telling That the King is at the
Christ is coming, signs are telling that the King is at the

door; Haste thy coming, blessed Saviour, Come and
door, at the door; Haste thy coming, blessed Saviour, Come and

reign for - ev - er - more.
3 Christ is coming, sleeping millions,
From the dusty beds shall rise,
To immortal life and glory,
In the joys of paradise.
4 Christ is coming, we shall see him,
Our Redeemer, Priest and King,
And be made forever like him,
His eternal praise to sing.
reign, come and reign forevermore.

1. "Complete!" O sweet and heav'nly word, That sinless an - gels nev-er heard!
 2. But I am weak and full of sin, All bruise'd without, and stain'd within;
 3. But see the past with all its falls, The past, with its un-heed-ed calls,

Our stam'ring lips can scarcely spell it, It needs a seraph voice to tell it: Com-
 How can it be that I be ho-ly? "Ah, learn of Me, the meek and lowly, My
 The past with all its wrong words spoken, Its promises so swiftly broken—" I

Cho.—Complete in Him, I know, I feel it, Com-plete in Him I dare to tell it; Com-

plete, not in myself, but Thee! "Yes, trusting soul, complete in Me! Complete in Me!"
 grace it is that sets you free, Rejoice, thou art complete in Me! Complete in Me!"
 bore that past upon the tree, Look up, thou art complete in Me! Complete in Me!"
D.S. Chorus.

plete in Him, I'm sanctified, Complete in Him, I'm satisfied, I'm sat-is-fied!

4

But I am frail; a thousand slips,
 A thousand words from hasty lips,
 Will fill my soul with grief and sorrow—
 "Ah, foolish soul, thou shouldst not
 borrow,
 Just 'as thy days' thy strength shall be,
 'Tis thine to rest complete in Me!"

5

But I am blind, I shall but stray,
 Or grope and stumble in the way—
 "My hand shall hold, Mine eye shall
 guide thee,
 And My bright angels walk beside thee;
 Fear not, I gave Myself for thee,
 And where I am night cannot be!"

6

"Complete in Him!" and what is
 this,
 But gate of pearl that leads to bliss?
 Life has no need, but Jesus fills it;
 Life has no storm, but Jesus stills it:
 Peace widens, deepens to a sea,
 When I can say "Complete in Thee!"

7

And when before the great white throne
 I reap the joys my tears have sown—
 In loftier songs I will adore Him,
 And cast my crown of gold before Him;
 And this my highest note shall be,
 "Redeemed and saved, Complete in
 Thee!"

E. O. E.

E. O. EXCELL.

1. My robes were once all stain'd with sin, I knew not how to make them clean,
 2. That promise, "whoso - ev - er will," In - clu - ded me—includes me still;
 3. I do not doubt, nor do I say, I hope the stains are wash'd away,
 4. O, who will come and wash to-day, Till all their stains are wash'd away?

Un - til a voice said, sweet and low, "Go wash, I'll make them white as snow."
 I came, and ev - er since I know, His blood it cleanseth white as snow.
 For in his word I read it so; His blood it cleanseth white as snow.
 Un - til by faith they see and know Their robes are wash'd as white as snow.

CHORUS.

I've wash'd my robes..... in Je - sus' blood,..... And he has
 I've wash'd my robes in Je - sus' blood,

made..... them white as snow..... I've wash'd my robes.... in Jesus'
 And he has made them white as snow. I've wash'd my robes

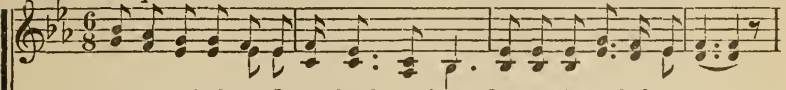
blood,..... And he has made..... them white as snow.
 white as snow.
 in Je - sus' blood, And he has made them white as snow.

From "Gospel in Song," by permission of E. O. Excell.

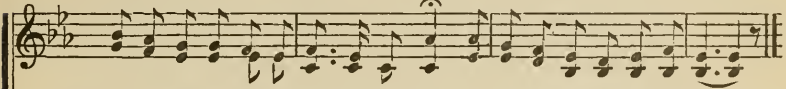
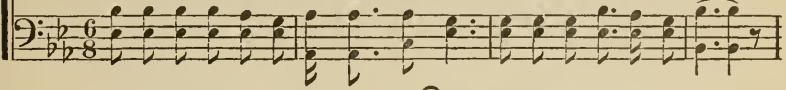
A little child, fearing that her papa might lose his way to the shore through the mist that had come upon the water, said:—"Mamma, I had better run down to the shore, and call papa." The father heard the voice, and following in the direction from whence it came was soon safe on the shore. Oh! sinner, Christ is calling you out of the mists and darkness of sin. May you hear his voice, and come out into the light, and be saved.

E. C. A.

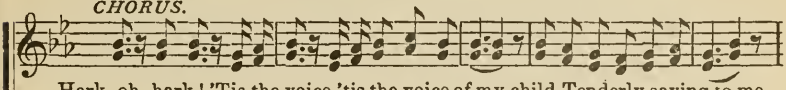
E. C. Avis.

Con espressione.

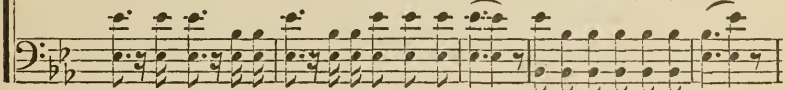
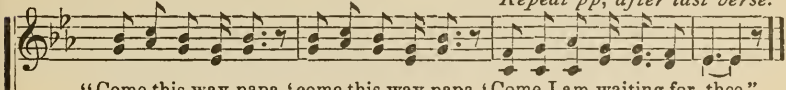
1. Out in the darkness I wander'd a - lone, Out on the turbulent sea;
2. Quickly I follow'd the dear lov - ing call, Steering my bark for the shore;
3. Had I not heeded the voice when it said, "Come this way, papa, to me,"
4. Je - sus is ten - der - ly say - ing to - day, "Lost one, oh, come unto me;"



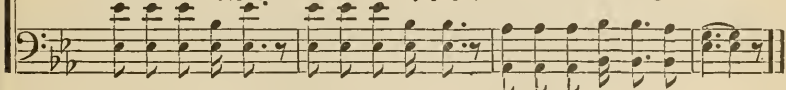
Here must I perish, I thought, when I heard A voice sweetly saying to me—
Soon was I safe in the har - bor, and heard A voice sweetly saying once more
I might have sighted the beautiful shore, And perish'd at last on the sea.
Lov'd ones have anchor'd with him on the strand, Sweetly they're calling for thee

*CHORUS.*

Hark, oh, hark! 'Tis the voice, 'tis the voice of my child, Tenderly saying to me—

*Repeat pp, after last verse.*

"Come this way, papa, 'come this way, papa, 'Come, I am waiting for thee."



6

6

Sinner, now seeking some pleasure to win, Oh, then, to-night, as you hear the sweet
Out in the darkness you roam, Will you not come and be free? [call,
Jesus has taken the lambs to himself, 7 Jesus, the Saviour, will anchor thy bark,
Now they are calling thee home. Where lov'd ones are waiting for thee.

Words by FANNY J. CROSBY.

Music by W. J. KIRKPATRICK. By per.

1. Redeem'd, how I love to proclaim it, Redeem'd by the blood of the Lamb ;
 2. Redeem'd, and so happy in Je-sus, No language my rapture can tell ;
 3. I think of my blessed Redeemer, I think of him all the day long ;
 4. I know I shall see in his beauty, The King in whose law I de - light ;
 5. I know there's a crown that is waiting In yonder bright mansion for me ;

Redeem'd thro' his infi - te mer - cy, His child and forever I am.
 I know that the light of his presence With me doth continually dwell.
 I sing, for I cannot be si - lent, His love is the theme of my song.
 Who lovingly guardeth my footsteps, And giveth me songs in the night.
 And soon with the spirits made perfect, At home with the Lord I shall be.

REFRAIN.

Re - deem'd, Re-deem'd, Redeem'd by the blood of the Lamb :
 Redeem'd, Redeem'd,

Re - deem'd, Re-deem'd, His child and for - ev - er I am.
 Redeem'd, Redeem'd,

From "SONGS OF TRIUMPH."

1. Be thou with me, O my Saviour, As the day draws to its close;
 2. When the shadows round me gather, And my heart is fill'd with fear,
 3. Lord, I look to thee, not knowing, Weak for strength on thee I call;

May I feel thy presence near me, Let me now on thee re - pose.
 Be thou with me, O my Saviour, Speak thou, Lord, in words of cheer.
 Though my wants be few or many, Thou canst, Lord, supply them all.

Fast the gold-en sun is sinking, Soon the darkness will ap - pear;
 As of old to thy dis-ci-ples, Calm-ing ev - 'ry troubled wave,
 Lead me Saviour by thy Spir-it, Then when life draws to its close,

Tell - ing out to ev - 'ry na - tion That thy com - ing, Lord, is near.
 May I hear the same sweet whisper, "It is I, be not a - fraid."
 E'en a - midst the mists and darkness, I will safe in thee re - pose.

COWPER.

1. There is a Fountain, fill'd with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uels veins;

And sin-ners plung'd be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains.

D.S. And sin-ners plung'd be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains.

Lose all their guilt-y stains,.... Lose all their guilt-y stains.

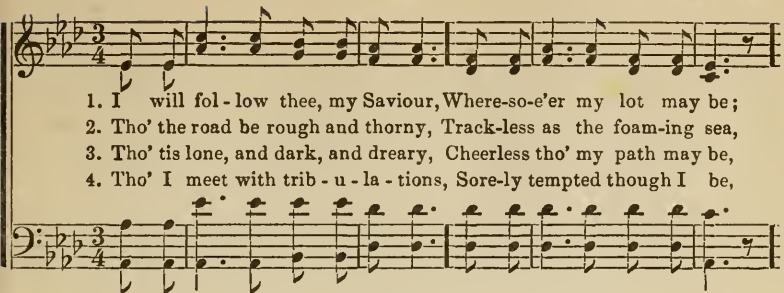
- | | |
|--|--|
| 2 The dying thief, rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Wash'd all my sins away. | 4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die. |
| 3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more. | 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stam'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave. |

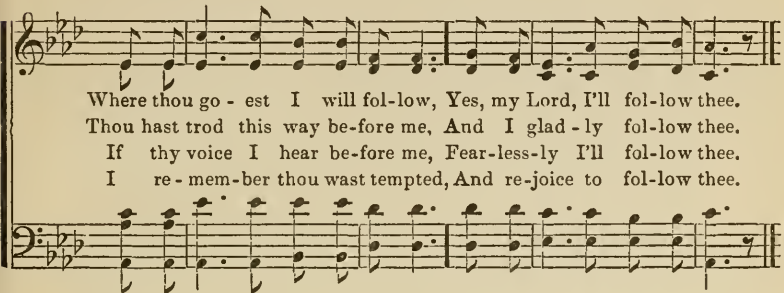
81

JESUS, MY LORD, TO THEE I CRY.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1 Jesus, my Lord, to thee I cry,
Unless thou help me, I must die;
Oh, bring thy free salvation nigh,
And take me as I am. | Yet save me for thine own name's sake,
And take me as I am. |
| <i>Cho.</i> —Take me as I am,
Take me as I am!
Oh, bring thy free salvation nigh,
And take me as I am. | 4 I thirst, I long to know thy love,
Thy full salvation I would prove;
But since to thee I cannot move,
Oh, take me as I am. |
| 2 Helpless I am, and full of guilt,
But yet for me thy blood was spilt,
And thou canst make me what thou wilt,
But take me as I am. | 5 If thou hast work for me to do,
Inspire my will, my heart renew,
And work both in and by me too,
But take me as I am. |
| 3 No preparation can I make;
My best resolves I only break; | 6 And when at last the work is done,
The battle o'er, the vict'ry won,
Still, still my cry shall be alone—
Lord, take me as I am. |

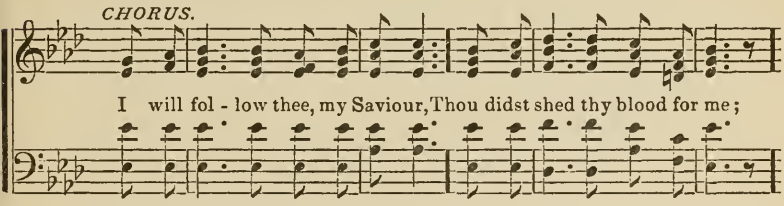
Words and Music by JAS. L. ELGINBURG, C. W.

- 
1. I will fol - low thee, my Saviour, Where-so-e'er my lot may be ;
 2. Tho' the road be rough and thorny, Track-less as the foam-ing sea,
 3. Tho' tis lone, and dark, and dreary, Cheerless tho' my path may be,
 4. Tho' I meet with trib - u - la - tions, Sore-ly tempted though I be,

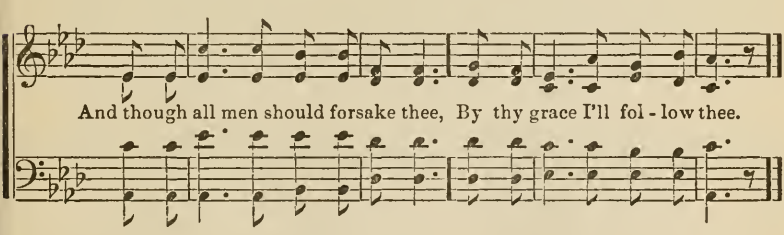


Where thou go - est I will fol-low, Yes, my Lord, I'll fol-low thee.
 Thou hast trod this way be-fore me, And I glad - ly fol-low thee.
 If thy voice I hear be-fore me, Fear-less-ly I'll fol-low thee.
 I re - mem - ber thou wast tempted, And re-joice to fol-low thee.

CHORUS.



I will fol - low thee, my Saviour, Thou didst shed thy blood for me ;



And though all men should forsake thee, By thy grace I'll fol - low thee.

5 Tho' thou ledest me thro' affliction,
 Poor, forsaken though I be,
 Thou wast destitute, afflicted,
 And I only follow thee.

6 Though to Jordan's rolling billows,
 Cold and deep, thou ledest me,
 Thou hast cross'd its waves before me,
 And I still will follow thee.

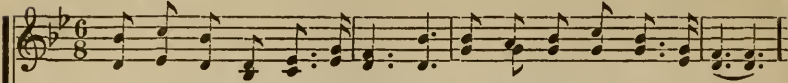
83 Jesus can Save Little Children.

E. C. A.

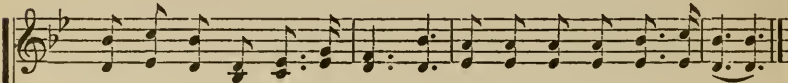
"Suffer little children to come unto me."—Luke 18: 16.

E. C. AVIS.

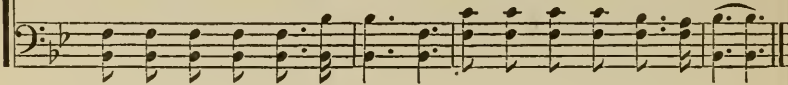
With Spirit.



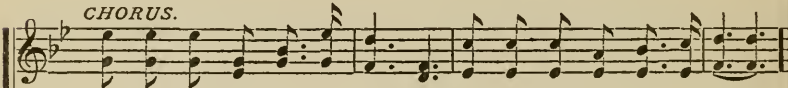
1. Je - sus can save lit - tle children, Gath - er them in one by one;
2. Je - sus said, "Suf - fer the children, Oh! let them come un - to me;"
3. Je - sus can save lit - tle children, If they but look un - to him;
4. Je - sus can save lit - tle children, Oh! then to - day, one and all,



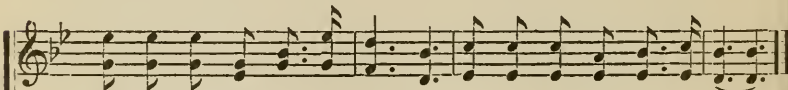
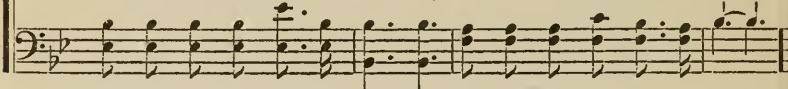
Tell them of mer - cy and par - don, Tell them of Je - sus and home.
 Still, with his hands rent and bleed - ing, Sweetly he's call - ing for thee.
 He will for - give their transgression, Take them and cleanse them from sin.
 Give him your heart, gladly say - ing, "Je - sus, I come at thy call."



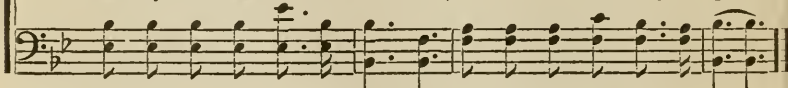
CHORUS.



Je - sus can save lit - tle children, All who be - lieve, and re - ceive;

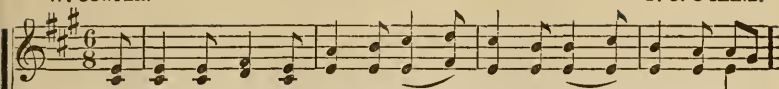


Gladly he'll take them this mo - ment, Life ev - er - last - ing to give.

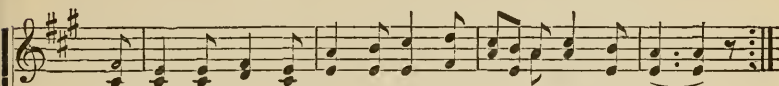
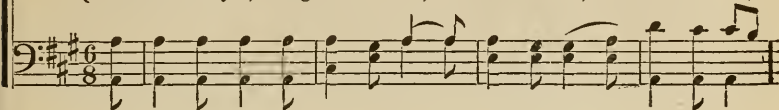


W. COWPER.

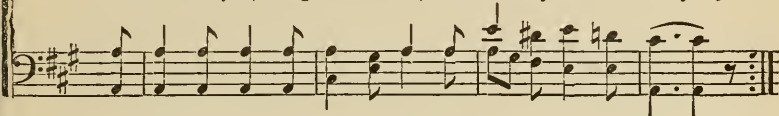
T. C. O'KANE.



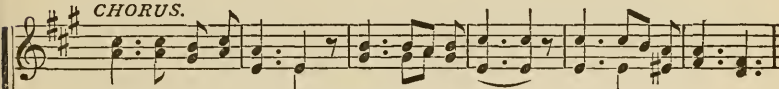
1. { There is a fountain fill'd with blood, fill'd with blood, fill'd with blood,
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood, beneath that flood, beneath that flood,
2. { The dy - ing thief re-joic'd to see, re - joic'd to see, re - joic'd to see,
And there may I, though vile as he, tho' vile as he, tho' vile as he,



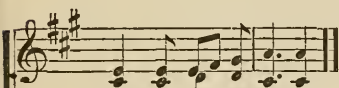
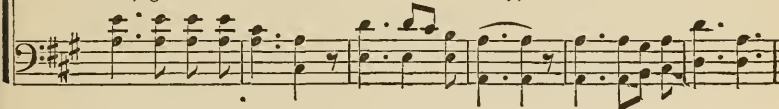
There is a fountain, fill'd with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins, }
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains. }
The dy - ing thief re-joic'd to see That fountain in his day,
And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way. }



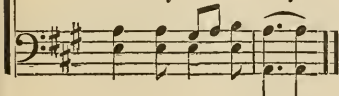
CHORUS.



Oh, glo-ri-ous fountain! Here will I stay, And in thee ev - er



Wash my sins a - way.



3
Thou dying Lamb, ||: thy precious blood: ||
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed ||: Church of God: ||
Are saved, to sin no more.

4
E'er since by faith ||: I saw the stream: ||
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love ||: has been my theme, ||
And shall be till I die.

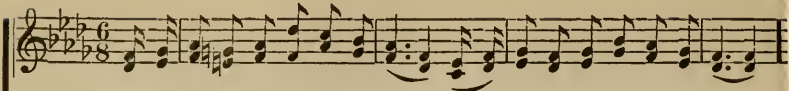
FROM "REDEEMER'S PRAISE," BY PER.

85 Repent, and believe the Gospel.

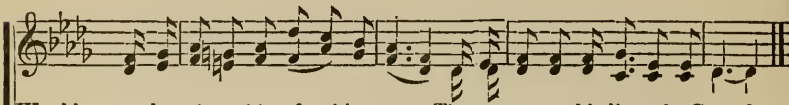
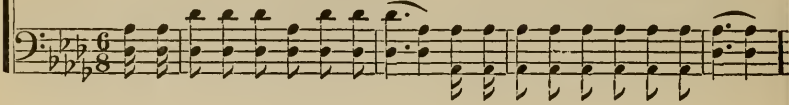
E. C. A.

(Mark 1: 15.)

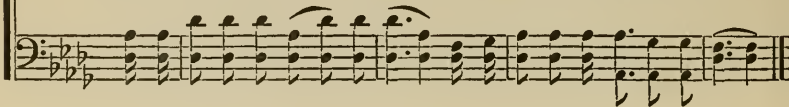
E. C. AVIS.



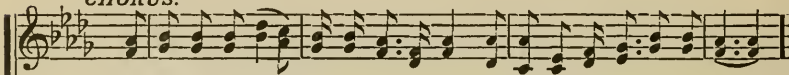
1. Have you need of salvation from sin? Do you know you are lost, without Christ?
2. Have you need of salvation from sin? No hope out of Christ is e'er given;
3. Have you need of salvation from sin? Al - ready thy soul is condemned;
4. Have you need of salvation from sin? Then why art thou so unconcerned?



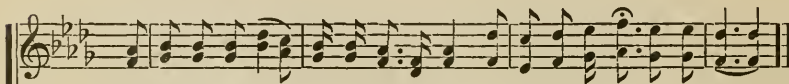
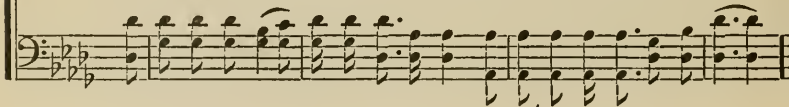
Would you seek to have him for thine own, Then repent and believe the Gospel.
 If to-day you would make him your choice, Then repent and believe the Gospel.
 But Je-sus stands ready to save: Oh! repent and believe the Gospel.
 Oh! think of a soul doomed to death: And repent and believe the Gospel.



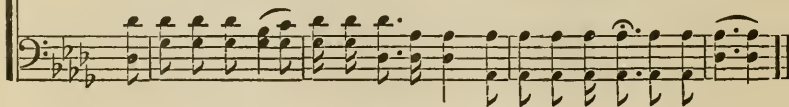
CHORUS.



Repent and be-lieve, Sal-va-tion receive, Repent and believe the Gospel.



Repent and be-lieve, Sal-va-tion receive, Repent and believe the Gospel.



"The place which is called Calvary, there they crucified him."—Luke 23: 33.

Rev. W. M'K. DARWOOD.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. On Calv'ry's brow my Sav-iour died, 'Twas there my
2. 'Mid rending rocks and dark'ning skies, My Saviour
3. O, Je-sus, Lord, how can it be, That thou shouldst

Lord was cru-ci-fied; 'Twas on the cross he bled for
bows his head and dies; The opening veil reveals the
give thy life for me, To bear the cross and ag-o-

me, And purchased there my par-don free.
way To heaven's joys and endless day.
ny, In that dread hour on Cal - va - ry!—

mf REFRAIN.

O Cal - va - ry! dark Cal - va - ry! Where Jesus shed his blood for me, for me.

O Cal - va - ry! blest Cal - va - ry! 'Twas there my Saviour died for me.

87 I know that my Redeemer lives.

"I know that my Redeemer liveth."—Job 19: 25.

Words arr. by E. C. A.

E. C. AVIS.

1. I know that my Re-deem-er lives, And he's prepar'd a home for me;
 2. Oh! ask me not to min-gle on, A-mid the gay and thoughtless throng,
 3. I'm now be-wilder'd at the thought, I stand and wonder at his love;
 4. I trust in Je-sus Christ for all, I know his blood speaks peace for me;

A crown of vic-to-ry he gives To those who would his children be.
 For I am only waiting now to hear The blessed summons, "child, come home."
 How he from heav'n to earth was brought To die, that I might live a-bove.
 I'm list'ning for the gentle voice That says, "The Master call-eth thee."

CHORUS.

I know that my Re-deem-er lives, My load of sin on him was laid;

His precious blood was freely shed for me, And he a full a-tone-ment made.

Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty! (G. H. 3-1.)

"They rest not day nor night, saying, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come."—Rev. 4: 8.

REGINALD HEBER, D. D.

Rev. JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord.. God Al - might - y!
 2. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! all the saints a - dore thee,
 3. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! tho' the dark - ness hide thee,
 4. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord.. God Al - might - y!

Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to thee:
 Cast - ing down their golden crowns a - round the glass - y sea:
 Tho' the eye of sin - ful man thy glo - ry may not see,
 All thy works shall praise thy name in earth and sky, and sea;

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Mer - ci - ful and Might - y!
 Cher - u - bim and Ser - a - phim fall - ing down be - fore thee,
 On - ly thou art Ho - ly, there is none be - side thee,
 Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Mer - ci - ful and Might - y!

God in three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty.
 Which wert and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.
 Per - fect in power, in love and pu - ri - ty.
 God in three per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty. A - men.

Mrs. G. C. NEEDHAM.

E. C. AVIS.

1. On the Cross be-hold him hang-ing, Thus the Shepherd good must die;
 2. From the grave be-hold him ris-ing, Shepherd great, so low-ly laid;
 3. See him com-ing back in glo-ry, Chief of shepherds, King of kings—
 4. Shepherd good, thy Cross pre-vail-ing, Is the ground of Faith's be-lief;

Though the bells of hell are clanging, Strong a-bove them hear his cry:—
 Thus does God, with proof sur-pris-ing, Own the Sac-ri-fice he made.
 Gar-ments dyed, and sword all go-ry—With the tro-phies that he brings.
 And thy Priesthood keeps a-vail-ing, Till thy crowning, Shepherd King.

REFRAIN.

"It is finish'd," Bulls of Bashan Do your worst, my sheep shall live;

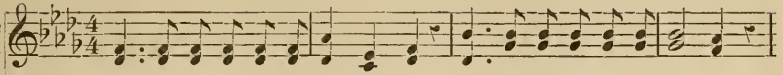
Grace performs the great sal-va-tion, No man takes the life I give.

God be with you.*

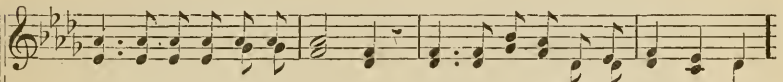
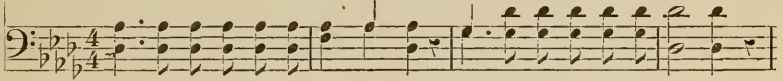
"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you."—Rom. 16: 20.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

W. G. TOMER.



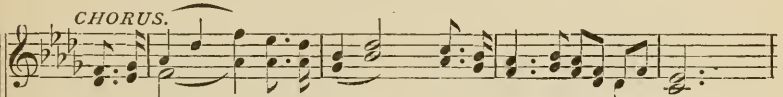
1. God be with you till we meet a-gain, By his counsels guide, uphold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a-gain, 'Neath his wings securely hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet a-gain, When life's perils thick confound you,
4. God be with you till we meet a-gain, Keep love's banner floating o'er you,



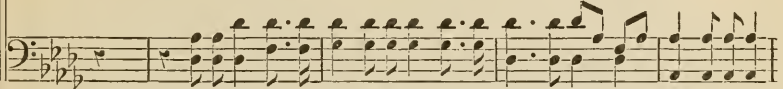
With his sheep securely fold you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
 Dai - ly manna still di - vide you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
 Put his arms unfailing round you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
 Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.



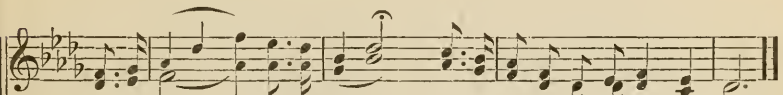
CHORUS.



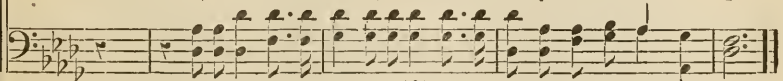
Till we meet, . . . till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet,



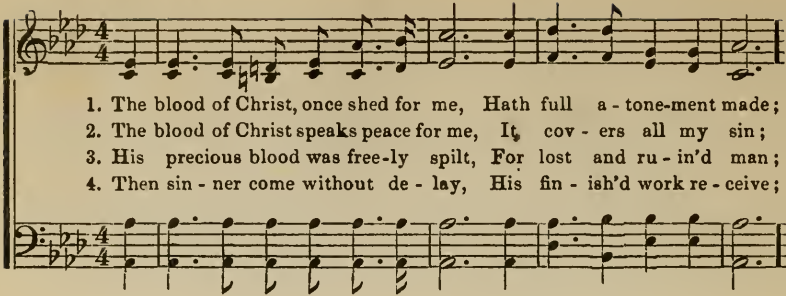
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet at Jesus' feet, till we meet



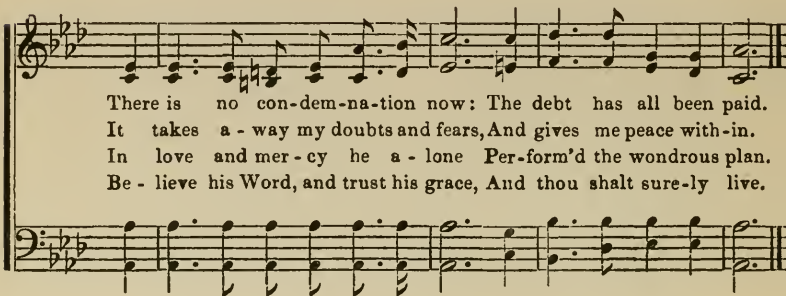
Till we meet, . . . till we meet, God be with you till we meet a-gain.



Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet a-gain.

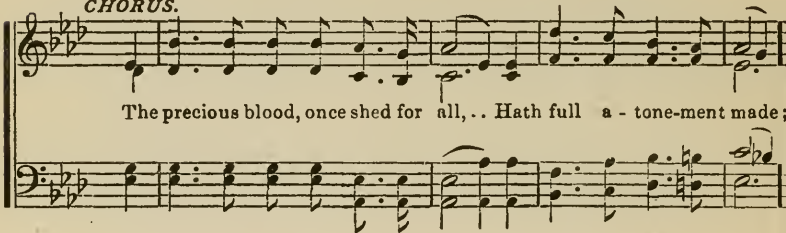


1. The blood of Christ, once shed for me, Hath full a - tone-ment made;
 2. The blood of Christ speaks peace for me, It cov - ers all my sin;
 3. His precious blood was free-ly spilt, For lost and ru - in'd man;
 4. Then sin - ner come without de - lay, His fin - ish'd work re - ceive;

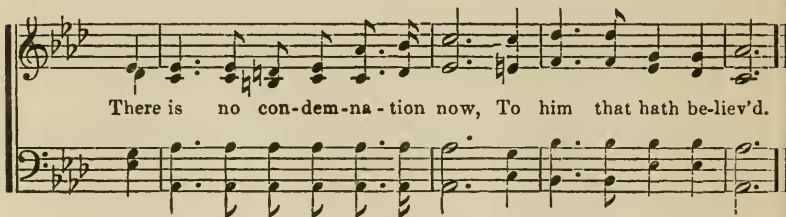


There is no con-dem-na-tion now: The debt has all been paid.
 It takes a - way my doubts and fears, And gives me peace with-in.
 In love and mer - cy he a - lone Per-form'd the wondrous plan.
 Be - lieve his Word, and trust his grace, And thou shalt sure-ly live.

CHORUS.



The precious blood, once shed for all, . . Hath full a - tone-ment made;



There is no con-dem-na - tion now, To him that hath be-liev'd.

92 The Angels are Looking on Me!

Rev. JOHN PARKER.

Arranged for this Work.

1. Like Ja-cob, in his Bethel rest, The an - gels are looking on me;
 2. Each night I lay me down to sleep, The an - gels are looking on me;
 3. And when I wake, new toils to meet, The an - gels are looking on me;
 4. A pil - grim to the heav'nly land, The an - gels are looking on me;
 5. And till I reach my home at last, The an - gels are looking on me;

They watch my pil-low—I am blest, The an - gels are looking on me.
 I know I'm safe, for an - gels keep, The an - gels are looking on me.
 God's presence makes my joy complete, The an - gels are looking on me.
 My steps are kept by God's command, The an - gels are looking on me.
 With ev - 'ry tear and tri - al past, The an - gels are looking on me.

REFRAIN.

All night, all night, the an - gels are look-ing on me;

All night, all night, The an - gels are look-ing on me!

Copyright, 1885, by McDONALD & GILL.

With Expression.

FOR MALE VOICES.

1. O, sinner, would you know God's love, Then dare to trust him quite;
 2. Just as thou art, O sin-ner, come, Nought else will e'er suf - fice;
 3. If thou wouldst know his pow'r to save, Oh, trust his love and might;
 4. By faith the promise now re-ceive, If thou wouldst see the light;


No long-er seek thy-self to save, Lay hold on Christ to - night.
 Ac - cept the Lord, be-lieve his Word, Lay hold on Christ to - night.
 If thou wouldst joy and peace re-ceive, Lay hold on Christ to - night.
 O come, with all thy guilt and sin, Lay hold on Christ to - night.

Lay hold on Christ to - night, Lay hold on Christ to - night:
 Lay hold on Christ to - night, Lay hold on Christ to - night:
 Lay hold on Christ to - night, Lay hold on Christ to - night:
 Lay hold on Christ to - night, Lay hold on Christ to - night:

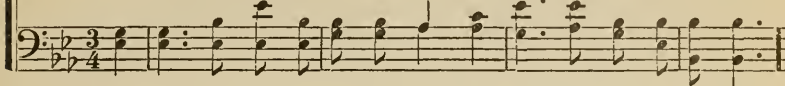

No long-er seek thy-self to save, Lay hold on Christ to - night.
 Ac - cept the Lord, be-lieve his Word, Lay hold on Christ to - night.
 If thou wouldst joy and peace re-ceive, Lay hold on Christ to - night.
 O come, with all thy guilt and sin, Lay hold on Christ to - night.

Words by Rev. J. PARKER.

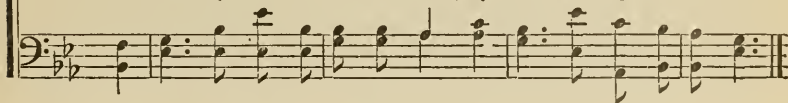
Music by S. J. VAIL.



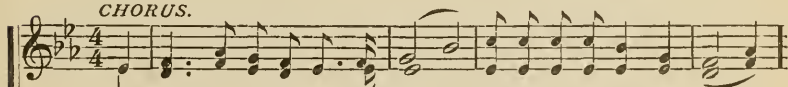
1. The blood, the blood is all my plea, Nor should a sin-ner won-der,
 2. I rest, I rest supremely blest, With-out a care to can-ker;
 3. My cup, my cup it run-neth o'er, With joy ce-les-tial brimming;
 4. The blood, the blood is all my song, I have no bliss without it;

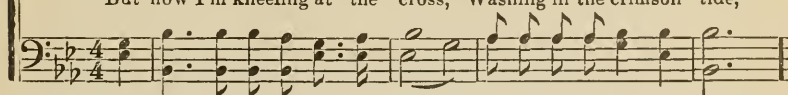
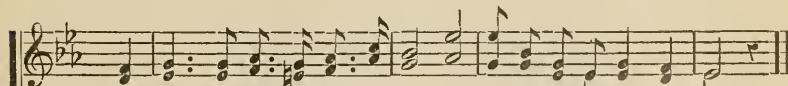
For guil - ty stain and stinging pain Hath tore my heart a - sun-der!
 No gloom-y night, my path is bright, My hope holds like an an-chor.
 On wings of love I soar a - bove, His hal - le - lu-jahs hymning.
 From ev - 'ry stain it makes me clean, My life and lip shall shout it.



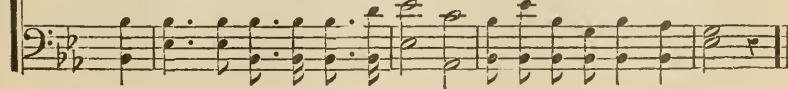
CHORUS.



But now I'm kneeling at the cross, Washing in the crimson tide,

And cleans'd, I tar - ry at the fountain Open'd at my Saviour's side.



Arranged by Rev. W. McDONALD.

1. What poor de - spi-sed com - pa - ny Of trav - el - ers are these,
Chorus.—I had rath - er be the least of them, Who are the Lord's a - lone,
 2. Ah! these are of a roy - al line, All children of a King!
 3. Why do they then ap - pear so mean? And why so much de - spis'd?

D. C. for Chorus.

Who walk in yon - der nar - row way, A - long that rug - ged maze?
 Than wear a roy - al di - a - dem, And sit up - on a throne.
 Heirs of im - mor - tal crowns di - vine, And lo! for joy they sing.
 Be - cause of their rich robes un - seen The world is not ap - pris'd.

And sit up - on a throne, And sit up - on a throne;

Than wear a roy - al di - a - dem, And sit up - on a throne.

4	6
But some of them seem poor, distress'd, And lacking daily bread:	But why keep they the narrow road, That rugged thorny maze?
Ah! they're of boundless wealth possess'd, With heavenly manna fed.	Why, that's the way their Leader trod; They love and keep his ways.

5

Why do they shun the pleasing path
That worldlings love so well?
Because it is the way to death:
The open road to hell.

7

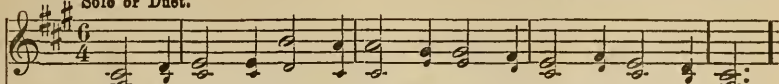
What, is there then no other road
To Salem's happy ground?
Christ is the only way to God:
None other can be found.

Healing Fountain.

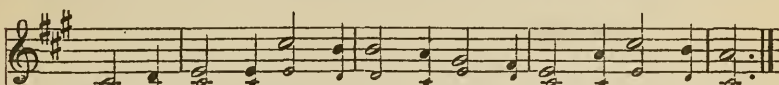
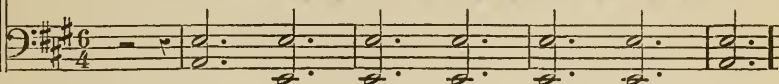
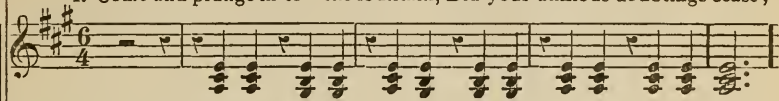
ALICE M. LOWE.

Melody by D. C. WRIGHT.
Arranged by JOSHUA GILL.

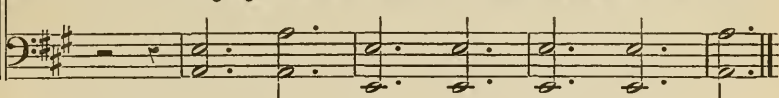
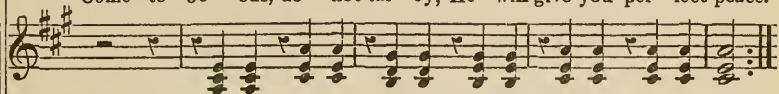
Sole or Duet.



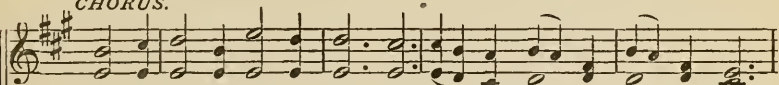
1. Have you found the great Physi-cian, With a cure for ev - 'ry pain?
2. Are you weak and heavy la - den, Struggling with your load of sin?
3. Lov - ing-ly he now in-vites you, Wea-ry one, O come to-day!
4. Come and plunge in-to the fountain, Bid your anxious doubtings cease;



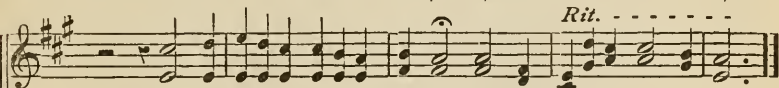
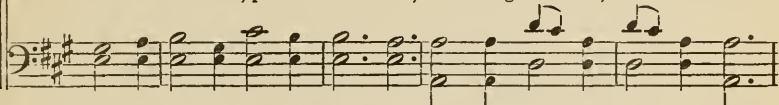
Have you felt his heal - ing pow - er, Has he made you whole a - gain?
 Je - sus longs to lift the burden, Give you peace and make you clean.
 Seek this fount of liv - ing wa - ter, It will wash your sin a - way.
 Come to Je - sus, do not tar - ry, He will give you per - fect peace.



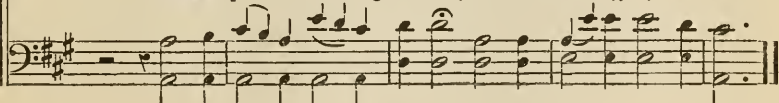
CHORUS.



O the fountain, precious fountain, Cleansing fountain, full and free:



Come and prove its healing vir-tues, It has cleans'd, yes, even me.



Words by H. E. BLAIR.

Music by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. On the hap-py golden shore, Where the faith-ful part no more, When the
 2. Here our fondest hopes are vain, Dear-est links are rent in twain; But in
 3. Where the harps of angels ring, And the blest for-ev-er sing, In the

storms of life are o'er, Meet me there. Where the night dissolves away In - to
 heav'n no throb of pain, Meet me there. By the river sparkling bright, In the
 pal - ace of the King, Meet me there. Where in sweet communion blend Heart
 [with

D.S. storms of life are o'er, On the

pure and per-fect day, I am go-ing home to stay, Meet me there.
 cit - y of delight, Where our faith is lost in sight, Meet me there.
 heart, and friend with friend, In a world that ne'er shall end, Meet me there.
 meet me there.

happy golden shore, Where the faith-ful part no more, Meet me there.

CHORUS.

Meet me there, Meet me there, Where the
 Meet me there, Meet me there, Meet me there.

Meet Me There. Concluded.

D.S.

Tree of Life is blooming, Meet me there. When the
Meet me there.

98 What shall I Sing for Thee?

Words by Rev. H. BURTON.

Music by JOSHUA GILL.

1. What shall I sing for thee, for thee, My Lord and Light? What shall I
2. Thou hast giv'n all for me, for me, Sav-iour Di - vine! I would give
3. Didst thou not die for me, for me, Ran-som for sin? Ascending on
4. What shall I do for thee, for thee, Glo - ri - ous Friend? Let me be
5. Then a still sweeter song, sweet song, Je - sus, I'll bring; Up 'mid the

bring to thee, to thee, Master, to - night? O for the strong de-sire!
all to thee, to thee, Ev - er-more thine! Let my heart cling to thee,
high for me, for me, Pleading with-in? All shall be dross for thee,
true to thee, to thee, Right to the end! Close to thy bleeding side,
ransom'd throng, blest throng, Then will I sing! Never to leave thee now,

O for the touch of fire! Then shall my tuneful lyre Praise thee a - right!
Let my lips sing for thee, Let me just bring to thee All that is mine!
All shall be loss for thee, Welcome the cross for thee, I, too, shall win!
Wash'd in the crimson tide, On till the waves divide, Till I as - cend!
Never to grieve thee now, Low at thy feet to bow, Won - der - ful King!

Copyright, 1885, by JOSHUA GILL.

From "Songs of Joy and Gladness," by per. 89

99 Glory to the Blood that bought me.

KELLEY.

G. K. A.

1. Hark! the notes of an - gels sing - ing, "Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb!"
 2. Ye, for whom his life was giv - en, Sa - cred themes to you be - long;
 3. Fill'd with ho - ly em - u - la - tion, We u - nite with those a - bove;
 4. End - less life in him pos - sess - ing, Let us praise his precious name;

All in heav'n their tribute bring - ing, Rais - ing high the Saviour's name.
 Come, as - sist the choir of heav - en; Join the ev - er - last - ing song.
 Sweet the theme, a free sal - va - tion, Fruit of ev - er - last - ing love.
 Glo - ry, hon - or, pow'r and bless - ing, Be for - ev - er to the Lamb.

CHORUS.

Glo - ry to the blood that bought me, Glo - ry to its sav - ing pow'r;

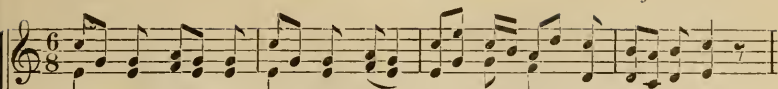
Glo - ry to the love that sought me, Guides and keeps us ev - 'ry hour.

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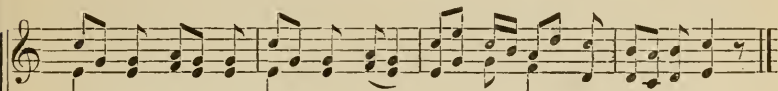
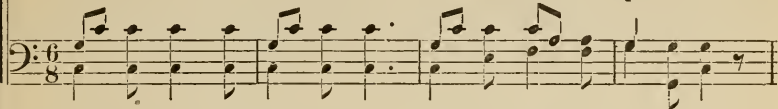
100

COME, 'TIS JESUS' INVITATION.

- 1 Come, 'tis Jesus' invitation,
 Now to mourning souls address'd;
 Why, O why such hesitation?
 Mourners, he will give you rest.
- 2 Do you fear your own unfitnes,
 Burden'd as you are with sin?
 'Tis the Holy Spirit's witness—
 Christ invites you, enter in.
- 3 He will give—we ne'er can merit—
 Perfect peace and heavenly rest;
 What a treasure we inherit!
 How are contrite sinners blest!
- Cho.*—Sinners, can you hate the Saviour,
 Can you thrust him from your arms?
 Once he died for your behavior,
 Now he calls you to his arms.



1. Depth of mer-cy, can there be Mer-cy still re-serv'd for me?
2. I have long with-stood his grace; Long pro-vok'd him to his face;
3. Now in-cline me to re-lent; Let me now my sins la-ment;
4. Kin-dled his re-lent-ings are; Me he now de-lights to spare;
5. There for me the Saviour stands; Shows his wounds and spreads his hands.



Can my God his wrath for-bear, Me, the chief of sin-ners spare?
 Would not hear-ken to his calls; Griev'd him by a thousand falls.
 Now my foul re-volt de-plore, Weep, be-lieve, and sin no more.
 Cries, How shall I give thee up?—Lets the lift-ed thunder drop.
 God is love, I know, I feel; Je-sus weeps and loves me still.

REFRAIN. *Faster.**Smoothly.**Repeat pp.*

{ God is love, I know, I feel; }
 { Jesus weeps and loves me still; } Je - sus weeps, he weeps and loves me still.



- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 I love thy kingdom, Lord,—
 The house of thine abode,—
 The church our blest Redeemer saved
 With his own precious blood.</p> <p>2 I love thy Church, O God!
 Her walls before thee stand,
 Dear as the apple of thine eye,
 And graven on thy hand.</p> <p>3 For her my tears shall fall;
 For her my prayers ascend;</p> | <p>To her cares and toils be given,
 Till toils and cares shall end.</p> <p>4 Beyond my highest joy,
 I prize her heavenly ways;
 Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
 Her hymns of love and praise.</p> <p>5 Sure as thy truth shall last,
 To Zion shall be given
 The brightest glories earth can yield,
 And brighter bliss of heaven.</p> |
|---|--|

The Highway.

E. F. MILLER.

1. O mourner in Zi - on, how bless-ed art thou, For Je - sus is
 2. O ye that are hun - gry and thirsty, re - joice! For ye shall be
 3. Who sighs for a heart from in - iq - ui - ty free? O, poor troubled
 4. The promise don't save, tho' the promise is true; 'Tis th' blood we get

wait - ing to com - fort thee now; Fear not to re - ly on the
 fill'd; do you hear that sweet voice In - vit - ing you now to the
 soul! there's a promise for thee; There's rest, wea - ry one, in the
 un - der, that cleanses us through: It cleanses me now, hal - le -

word of thy God, Step out on the promise, — get un - der the blood.
 ban - quet of God? Step out on the promise, — get un - der the blood.
 bo - som of God: Step out on the promise, — get un - der the blood.
 lu - jah to God! I rest on the promise, — I'm un - der the blood.

From "Shout of Victory," by permission.

Copyright, 1884, by E. F. MILLER.

BLESS'D BE THE TIE THAT BINDS.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Bless'd be the tie that binds
 Our hearts in Christian love;
 The fellowship of kindred minds
 Is like to that above.</p> <p>2 Before our Father's throne,
 We pour our ardent prayers;
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
 Our comforts and our cares.</p> <p>3 We share our mutual woes;
 Our mutual burdens bear;
 And often for each other flows
 The sympathizing tear.</p> | <p>4 When we asunder part,
 It gives us inward pain;
 But we shall still be joined in heart,
 And hope to meet again.</p> <p>5 This glorious hope revives
 Our courage by the way,
 While each in expectation lives,
 And longs to see the day.</p> <p>6 From sorrow, toil and pain,
 And sin, we shall be free;
 And perfect love and friendship reign
 Through all eternity. J. FAWCETT.</p> |
|---|--|

105 Hallelujah! Jesus Saved Me.

E. C. A.

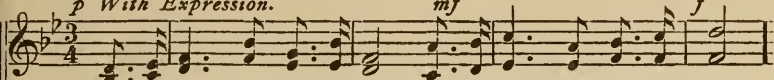
(Isa. 53: 3. Heb. 7: 25.)

E. C. AVIS.

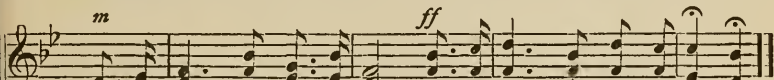
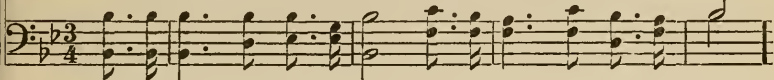
p With Expression.

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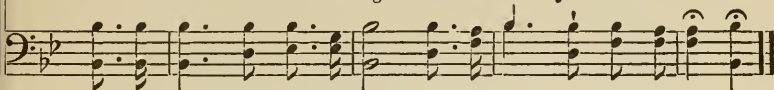
f



1. I was once a sin - ner lost; Doom'd to take the bit - ter cost;
2. I be - held him on the tree, Bleeding, dy - ing there for me.
3. Death was once my on - ly claim, But the Sav - iour, Je - sus came,
4. Now the might - y work is done, Grace a - lone hath vic - t'ry won,
5. I am kept by pow'r di - vine, Trust - ing Je - sus all the time;

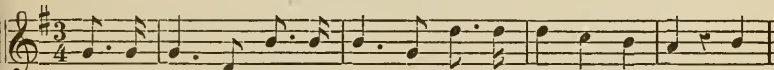


- m* Love look'd on me from the cross: Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus sav'd me.
 But his blood has made me free: Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus sav'd me.
 Bear - ing all my guilt and shame: Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus sav'd me.
 Thro' God's own be - lov - ed Son. Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus sav'd me.
 All for him I do re - sign: Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus sav'd me.

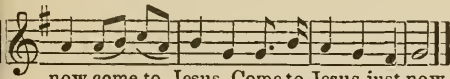


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106 Come to Jesus.



1. Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now: Just



now come to Jesus, Come to Jesus just now.

- 2 He will save you just now, &c.
- 3 O believe him just now, &c.
- 4 He is able, &c.
- 5 He is willing.

- | | | |
|----------------------|------------------------|---------------------|
| 6 He'll receive you. | 8 He'll forgive you. | 10 Jesus loves you. |
| 7 He will hear you. | 9 He will cleanse you. | 11 Only trust him. |

107 MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE.

1
 My faith looks up to thee,
 Thou Lamb of Calvary,
 Saviour divine;
 Now hear me while I pray:
 Take all my guilt away,
 O let me from this day
 Be wholly thine.

2
 May thy rich grace impart
 Strength to my fainting heart;
 My zeal inspire;

As thou hast died for me,
 O may my love to thee—
 Pure, warm and changeless be,
 A living fire.

3
 While life's dark maze I tread,
 And griefs around me spread,
 Be thou my guide;
 Bid darkness turn to day,
 Wipe sorrow's tears away,
 Nor let me ever stray
 From thee aside. RAY PALMER.

108 In the Cross of Christ I glory.

JNO. BOWRING.

(Gal. 4: 14.)

E. C. AVIS.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo-ry, Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
 2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de-ceive and fears an- noy,
 3. When the sun of bliss is beaming Light and love up- on my way,
 4. Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanc-ti- fied;

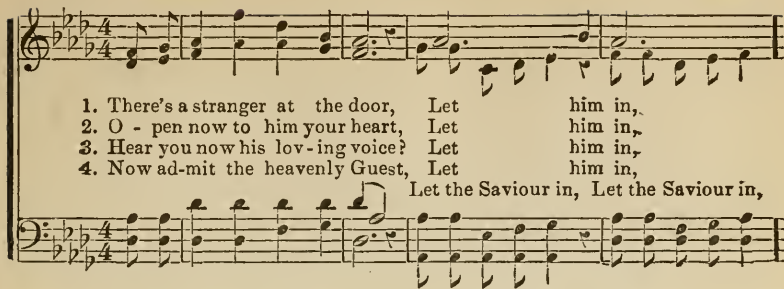
All the light of sa- cred sto- ry Gath-ers round its head sub-lime.
 Nev- er shall the cross for-sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
 From the cross the radiance streaming, Adds new lus- tre to the day.
 Peace is there that knows no measure, Joys that through all time a- bide.

CHORUS.

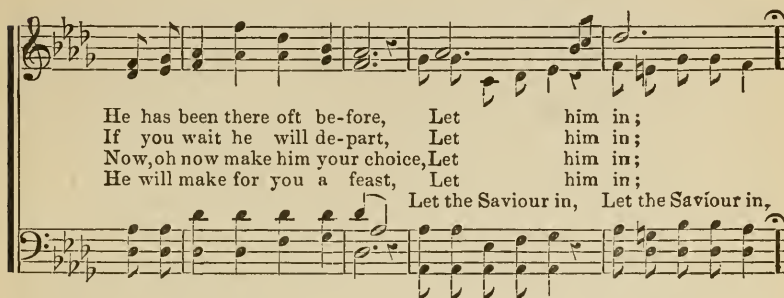
In the cross..... of Christ I glo- ry, Towering
 In the cross of Christ I glo-ry, In the cross of Christ I glory, Towering

o'er..... the wrecks of time; Nev- er shall.....
 o'er the wrecks of time. Towering o'er the wrecks of time; Never shall the cross forsake

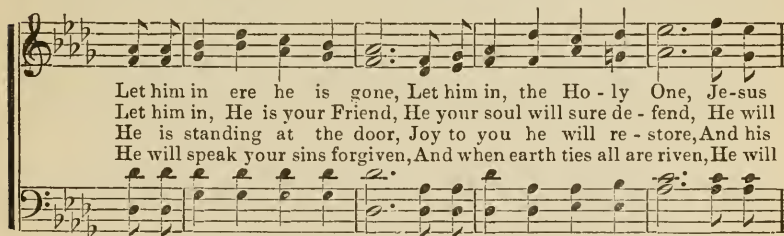
the cross for-sake me; Lo! it glows with peace di- vine.
 me, Never shall the cross forsake me; Lo! it glows, lo! it glows with peace divine.



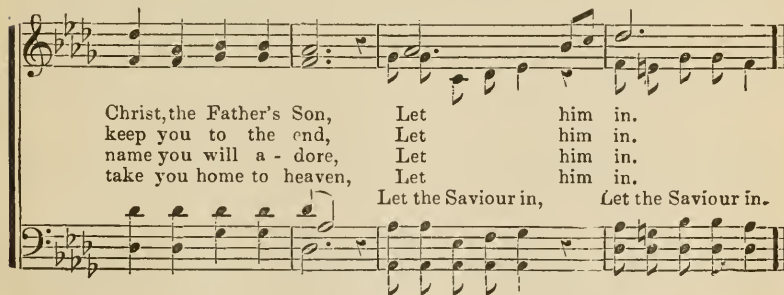
1. There's a stranger at the door, Let him in,
 2. O - pen now to him your heart, Let him in,
 3. Hear you now his lov - ing voice? Let him in,
 4. Now ad - mit the heavenly Guest, Let him in,
 Let the Saviour in, Let the Saviour in,



He has been there oft be - fore, Let him in;
 If you wait he will de - part, Let him in;
 Now, oh now make him your choice, Let him in;
 He will make for you a feast, Let him in;
 Let the Saviour in, Let the Saviour in,

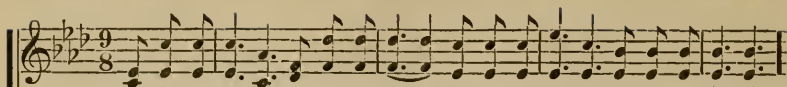


Let him in ere he is gone, Let him in, the Ho - ly One, Je - sus
 Let him in, He is your Friend, He your soul will sure de - fend, He will
 He is standing at the door, Joy to you he will re - store, And his
 He will speak your sins forgiven, And when earth ties all are riven, He will

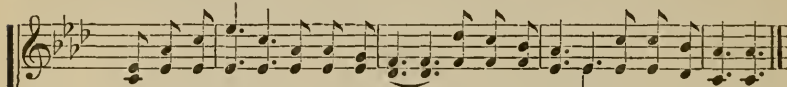
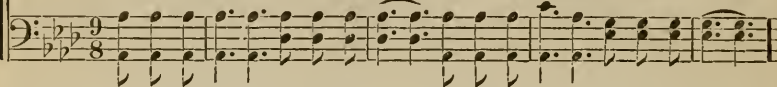


Christ, the Father's Son, Let him in.
 keep you to the end, Let him in.
 name you will a - dore, Let him in.
 take you home to heaven, Let him in.
 Let the Saviour in, Let the Saviour in.

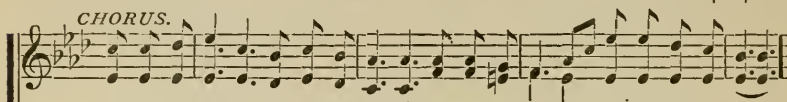
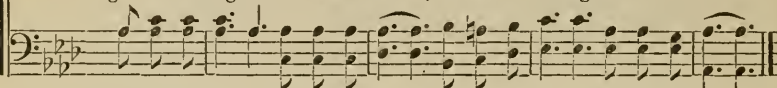
From "Songs of our Redeemer,"—Used by permission.



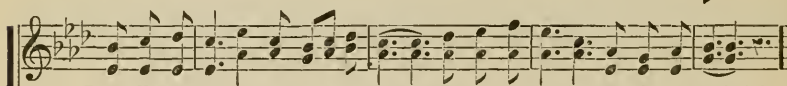
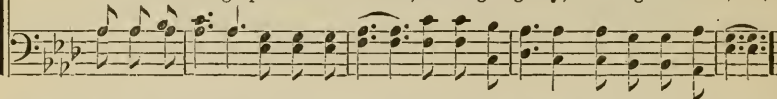
1. Jesus is coming! day is at hand, Gleanings of glo-ry lighten the land;
2. Jesus is coming! darkness will flee, Many now sleeping, Jesus will see;
3. Jesus is coming! shout the glad song, Winds from the highlands waft it along;
4. Jesus is coming! lift up your eyes, Up to the home-land, up to the skies;



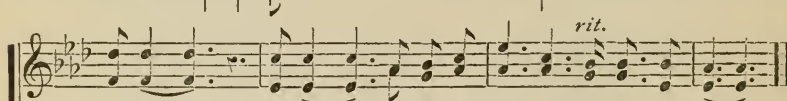
Je - sus is coming! tired one sing, Rest for the weary Jesus will bring.
Lips that are moaning, break forth in praise, Jesus is coming, lov'd ones to raise.
Je - sus is coming! hear ye the cry; Sinners take warning, why will ye die?
Songs of the angels soon we will hear; Je-sus is coming! Jesus is near!



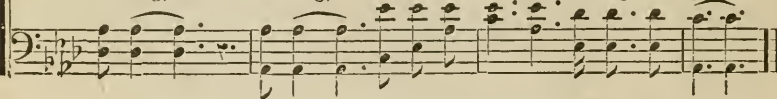
Jesus is coming! precious the word, Coming in glory, our long absent Lord;



Join all ye saints in the glad re-frain, "Je-sus is coming, coming a - gain!"



Com-ing, com-ing, Je-sus is coming, coming a - gain!

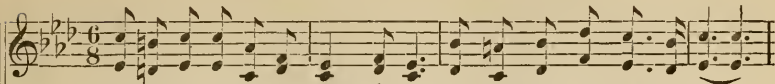


Keep your Light Burning.

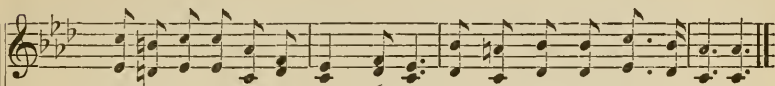
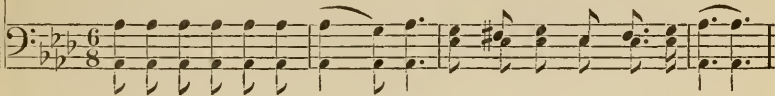
"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works,
and glorify your Father which is in heaven."—Matt. 5: 16.

E. C. A.

E. C. Avis.



1. Out o'er the dark waters gleam - ing, Let your light shine far and wide,
2. Man - y a tempest-toss'd sea - man, Try - ing the storm to brave,
3. Man - y a soul on life's o - cean, Hoping the kingdom to win,



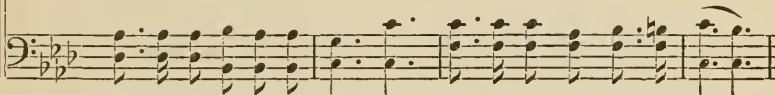
Guiding the weary worn sea - man Drifting a - bout with the tide.
Seeking a harbor in dark - ness, Found but a wa - ter - y grave.
Losing the light of the gos - pel, Fell by the tempter to sin.



REFRAIN.



Keep your light burning, my broth-er, Send a gleam out o'er the wave;



Some precious soul on the bil - low, See - ing your light, may be saved.



Words by Rev. HORATIUS BONAR, 1874.

ENGLISH MELODY.

1. Re-joice and be glad! The Redeemer has come! Go look on his cradle, His
 2. Re-joice and be glad! It is sunshine at last! The clouds have departed, The
 3. Re-joice and be glad! For the blood hath been shed; Redemption is finish'd, [The

CHORUS.

cross, and his tomb. Sound his praises, tell the sto - ry Of
 shad - ows are past.
 price hath been paid.

him who was slain; Sound his praises, tell with gladness He liv - eth a - gain.

last of Cho. to 7th verse.— He com - eth a - gain.

4 Rejoice and be glad!
 Now the pardon is free!
 The Just for the unjust
 Hath died on the tree.— *Chorus.*

5 Rejoice and be glad!
 For the Lamb, that was slain,
 O'er death is triumphant,
 And liveth again.— *Chorus.*

6 Rejoice and be glad!
 For our King is on high;
 He pleadeth for us on
 His throne in the sky.— *Chorus.*

7 Rejoice and be glad!
 For he cometh again;
 He cometh in glory,
 The Lamb that was slain.— *Chorus.*

113

REVIVE US AGAIN.

1 We praise thee, O God! for the Son of thy love,
 For Jesus, who died, and is now gone above.
Chorus.—Hallelujah! Thine the glory, Hallelujah! Amen.
 Hallelujah! Thine the glory; revive us again.

2 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
 Who has borne all our sins, and cleansed every stain.— *Chorus.*

3 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
 Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.— *Chorus.*

4 Revive us again; fill each heart with thy love,
 May each soul be kindled with fire from above.— *Chorus.*

114 He Washed me White as Snow.

"Come now and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow."—Isa. 1: 18.

E. C. A.

E. C. AVIS.

1. I came to Je - sus as I was, With all my guilt and woe;
 2. I gave my-self just as I was, A lost and help - less soul,
 3. Then come to Je - sus as thou art, O wea - ry, sin - sick soul;

I laid my sins down at his feet, He washed me white as snow.
 And soon my guilt was washed a - way, Christ Je - sus made me whole.
 Sur-ren - der all at Je - sus' feet, And thou too shalt be whole.

CHORUS.

1 & 2. He washed me white as snow, He washed me white as snow;
 3d v. And thou too shalt be whole, And thou too shalt be whole;

I laid my sins at Je - sus' feet, He washed me white as snow.
 Sur-ren - der all at Je - sus' feet, And thou too shalt be whole

Behold the Bridegroom!

Words and Music by R. E. HUDSON. By per.

1. Are you ready for the Bridegroom when he comes, when he comes? Are you
 2. Have your lamps trimm'd and burning When he comes, when he comes; Have your
 3. We will all go out to meet him When he comes, when he comes; We will
 4. We will chant al - le - lu - ias When he comes, when he comes; We will

ready for the Bridegroom When he comes, when he comes? Behold! he cometh! Be-
 lamps trimm'd and burning When he comes, when he comes: He quickly cometh, he
 all go out to meet him When he comes, when he comes; He surely cometh! he
 chant alleluias When he comes, when he comes; Lo! now he cometh! Lo!

hold! he com-eth! Be rob'd and ready, for the Bride-groom comes.
 quick-ly com-eth, O, soul! be ready when the Bride-groom comes.
 sure - ly com-eth! We'll go to meet him, when the Bride-groom comes.
 now ne com-eth! Sing al - le - lu - ia! for the Bride-groom comes.

CHORUS.

Behold the Bridegroom, for he comes, Behold the Bridegroom, for he comes!
 for he comes! for he comes.

Behold! he cometh! behold! he cometh! Be rob'd and ready, for the Bridegroom comes!

From "GEMS OF GOSPEL SONG."

1. Lord, I am thine, en-tire-ly thine, Purchased and saved by blood divine ;
 2. Grant one poor sinner more a place A-mong the children of thy grace ;

With full consent thine I would be, And own thy sov - 'reign right in me.
 A wretched sin-ner, lost to God, But ransomed by . . . Immanuel's blood.

- 3 Thine would I live, thine would I die, 4 Here, at that cross where flows the blood
 Be thine through all eternity ; That bought my guilty soul for God,
 The vow is past beyond repeal, Thee, my new Master, now I call,
 And now I set the solemn seal. And consecrate to thee my all.

117

- 1 I thirst, thou wounded Lamb of God, 3 How blest are they who still abide
 To wash me in thy cleansing blood ; Close sheltered in thy bleeding side !
 To dwell within thy wounds ; then pain Who thence their life and strength derive,
 Is sweet, and life or death is gain. And by thee move, and in thee live.
- 2 Take my poor heart, and let it be 4 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,
 Forever closed to all but thee ; Our words are lost, nor will we know
 Seal thou my breast, and let me wear Nor will we think of aught beside ;
 That pledge of love forever there. "My Lord, my Love is crucified."

118

- 1 While life prolongs its precious light, 3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
 Mercy is found, and peace is given ; Shall death command you to the grave,
 But soon, ah, soon approaching night Before his bar your spirits bring,
 Shall blot out every hope of heaven. And none be found to hear or save.
- 2 While God invites, how blest the day ! 4 In that lone land of deep despair,
 How sweet the gospel's charming sound ! No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise ;
 Come sinners, haste, O haste away, No God regard your bitter prayer,
 While yet a pardoning God is found. No Saviour call you to the skies.

119

- 1 Of him who did salvation bring, Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,
 I could forever think and sing ; Jesus, thy balm will make it whole.
- 2 Ask but his grace, and lo, 'tis given ; 3 To shame our sins, he blushed in blood ;
 Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven : He closed his eyes to show us God ;
 Let all the world fall down and know
 That none but God such love can show.

120 On the Cross the Saviour Hanging!

E. C. A.

(Isa. 55: 3.)

E. C. AVIS.

1. On the cross the Saviour hanging, Bled and died for you and me;
 2. O, the blood-stain'd cross of Je - sus, How it fills my soul with peace,
 3. 'Tis in-deed a truth most precious, That for sin - ners Je - sus died,

Wondrous love! Oh! who can know it's Boundless, priceless, full and free.
 As I there be - hold him dy - ing, Bringing nought but my re - lease.
 And we have a full remission Through a Sav - iour cru - ci - fied.

CHORUS.

On the cross,..... be-hold him hang - - - ing,
 On the cross, be-hold him hanging, On the cross, behold him hanging,

On the blood - - - stain'd cross for me;.....
 On the cross, the blood-stain'd cross, On the cross, the blood-stain'd cross.

Je - sus died..... to bring sal - va - - - tion,
 Je - sus died to bring sal - va - tion, Je - sus died to bring sal - va - tion,

ON THE CROSS, THE SAVIOUR HANGING. Concluded.

Je - sus died for you and me.

Je - sus died, Je - sus died for you and me.

121

Even Me.

"Bless me, even me, O my Father."—Gen. 27: 35.

ELIZABETH CODNER.
A Tempo.

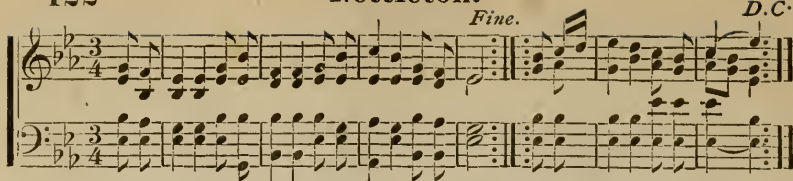
E. C. AVIS.

1. Lord, I hear of showers of blessing Thou art scattering full and free;
2. Pass me not, O gracious Father, Sin - ful though my heart may be;
3. Pass me not, O ten - der Saviour; Let me love and cling to thee;
4. Pass me not, O mighty Spirit, Thou canst make the blind to see;

Show'r's the thirsty land re - fresh - ing, Let some droppings fall on me.
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather, Let thy mer - cy fall on me.
I am long - ing for thy fa - vor; Whilst thou'rt call - ing, oh, call me.
Wit - nes - ser of Je - sus' mer - it, Speak the word of power to me.

E - ven me, E - ven me, Let thy bless - ing fall on me.

- 5 Love of God, so pure and changeless, Blood of Christ, so rich and free,
Grace of God, so strong and boundless, Magnify them all in me.—
- 6 Pass me not, thy lost one bringing,
Bind my heart, O Lord, to thee;
While the streams of life are springing,
Blessing others, O bless me.



- 1 Come thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Calls for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it—
Mount of thy redeeming love.
- 2 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
- Jesus sought me, when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.
- 3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee:
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love!
Here's my heart, O take and seal it;
Seal it for thy courts above.

123

- 1 O thou God of my salvation,
My Redeemer from all sin;
Moved by thy divine compassion,
Who hast died my heart to win,
||: I will praise thee; :||
Where shall I thy praise begin?
- 2 Though unseen, I love the Saviour;
He hath brought salvation near;
Manifests his pardoning favor;
And when Jesus doth appear,
||: Soul and body :||
Shall his glorious image bear.
- 3 While the angel choirs are crying,
"Glory to the great I AM,"
I with them will still be vying—
Glory! glory to the Lamb!
||: O how precious :||
Is the sound of Jesus' name!
- 4 Angels now are hovering round us,
Unperceived amid the throng;
Wondering at the love that crowned us,
Glad to join the holy song:
||: Hallelujah, :||
Love and praise to Christ belong!

THOMAS OLIVERS.

124

- 1 Love divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
Fix in us thy humble dwelling;
All thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, thou art all compassion,
Pure unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation;
Enter every trembling heart.
- 2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find that second rest.
- Take away our bent to sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.
- 3 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never
Never more thy temples leave:
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.

125

Tune,—Page 22, "Winnowed Hymns."

- 1 My life flows on in endless song,
Above earth's lamentation;
I catch the sweet, though far-off hymn,
That hails a new creation;
Through all the tumult and the strife,
I hear the music ringing,
It finds an echo in my soul—
How can I keep from singing.
- 2 What though my joys and comfort die?
The Lord, my Saviour, liveth;
What though the darkness gather round?
Songs in the night he giveth.
- No storms can shake my inmost calm,
While to that refuge clinging;
Since Christ is Lord of heaven and earth,
How can I keep from singing?
- 3 I lift my eyes; the cloud grows thin;
I see the blue above it;
And day by day this pathway smooths,
Since first I learned to love it.
The peace of Christ makes fresh my heart,
A fountain ever springing;
All things are mine since I am his—
How can I keep from singing?

There is Life for a Look.

"Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all ye ends of the earth."—Isa. 14: 22.

AMELIA M. HULL.

E. C. AVIS.

1. There is life for a look at the cru - ci - fied one, There is
 2. Oh,.. why was he there as the Bear - er of Sin, If on
 3. It.... is not thy tears of re - pentance and prayers, But the
 4. Then.. doubt not thy wel - come, since God has declared There re -
 5. Then.. take with re - joic - ing from Je - sus at once The..

life at this mo - ment for thee; Then look, sin - ner, look un - to
 Je - sus thy guilt was not laid; Oh! why from his side flow'd the
 blood that a - tones for the soul; On.. him then, who shed it, thou
 main - ev no more to be done; That once in the end of the life
 life ev - er - last - ing he gives, And know with as - sur - ance thou

him and be saved, Un - to him who was nailed to the tree.
 sin - cleans - ing blood, If his dy - ing thy debt has not paid?
 may - est, at once, Thy.. weight of i - ni - qui - ties roll.
 world he ap - peared, And com - ple - ted the work he be - gun.
 nev - er canst die, Since Je - sus thy righteousness lives.

REFRAIN.

Then look un - to him, Then look unto him and be sav'd, and be sav'd.
 sinner, look, and be sav'd,

There's life for a look at the crucified one, There is life at this moment for thee.

1. Pressing on-ward, ev - er on-ward, This my watch-word now shall be;
 2. Foes may gath-er all a-round me, Sa - tan with his host as - sail;
 3. Tak-ing now the Spir - it's weapon, God's own word to be my guide;

Glad-ly toil-ing for my Mas-ter, Till his bless-ed face I see.
 With my watchword e'er be-fore me, In God's name I shall pre-vail.
 Ev - er look-ing un - to Je - sus, Ev - er walk - ing by his side.

CHORUS.

On-ward, on - ward, ev - er on-ward, Prizing not the things be-hind;

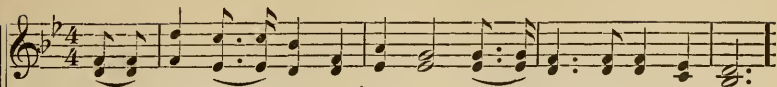
Ev - er trust-ing in my Saviour, All I need in him I find.

Only let the work be done.

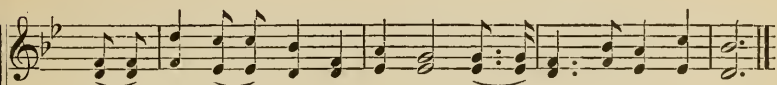
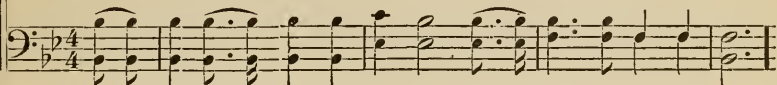
E. C. A.

"Go work to-day in My vineyard."—Matt. 21: 28.

E. C. AVIS.



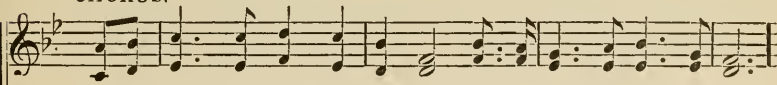
1. Go work in the Master's vineyard, While the days go swift-ly by;
2. There is work for all, and plen-ty, Stand not i - dle on the plain;
3. Speak a word to some one, say-ing, "Christ for sin-ners came to die!"
4. Go spread the joy - ful ti-dings Un - to lost and dy - ing souls;



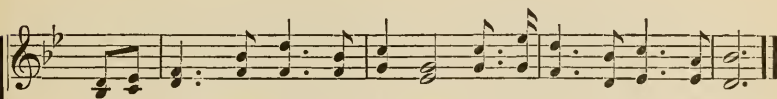
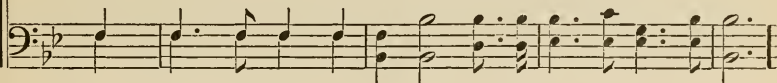
There are pre - cious souls to res - cue, For the glorious home on high.
 Thrust forth the sickle glad - ly, And save the fall-ing grain.
 Tell them what a.. mighty Sav - iour Did for such as you and I.
 Tell them that the blood of Je - sus Makes the vi - lest sin - ner whole.



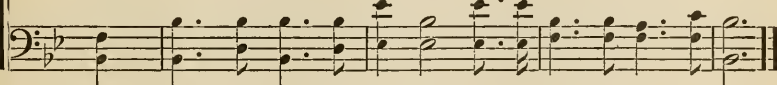
CHORUS.



O, soul, be up and do - ing, There is work for ev - 'ry one:



Then sow, or reap, or gath - er, On - ly let the work be done.



"The Lord Himself shall descend from Heaven."—1 Thes. 4: 16.

E. C. A.

E. C. AVIS.

Sva. lower.

(FOR MALE VOICES.)

Tenors.

1. Je - sus is com - ing, tell the glad news, Sound it o'er hill-top and plain,
 2. Je - sus is com - ing, Christian a - wake, No more in slumber re - main;
 3. Je - sus is com - ing, we will re - joice, Glo - ry and praise to his name;

Basses.

Till all shall know of the promise foretold, Je - sus is com - ing a - gain.
 Ev - er be read - y, both ear - ly and late, Je - sus is com - ing a - gain.
 Having redeem'd us from death and the grave, Je - sus is com - ing a - gain.

REFRAIN.

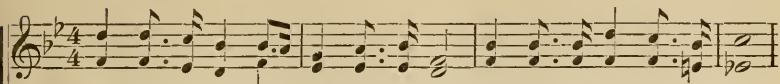
f Je - sus is coming, *m* Je - sus is coming, Je - sus is coming a - gain.

p ad lib. Je - sus is coming, Je - sus is coming, Je - sus is coming a - gain.

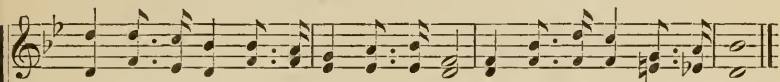
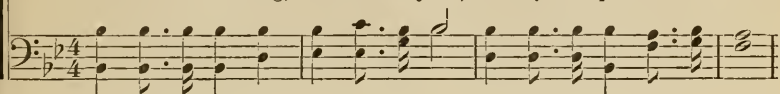
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E. C. A.

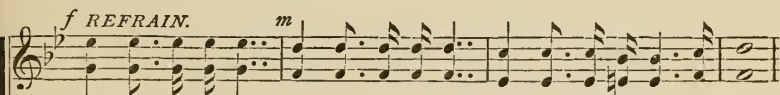
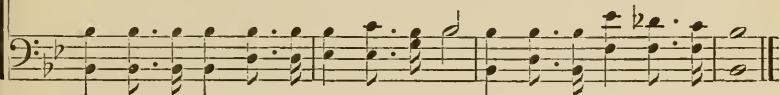
E. C. AVIS.



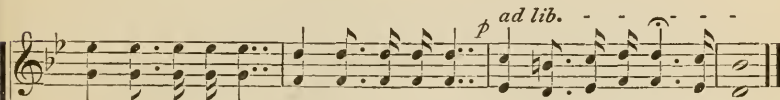
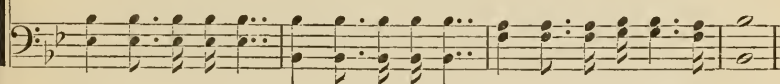
1. Je - sus is com-ing, tell the glad news, Sound it o'er hill-top and plain,
2. Je - sus is com-ing, christian a-wake, No more in slumber re - main;
3. Je - sus is com-ing, we will re-joice, Glo - ry and praise to his name;



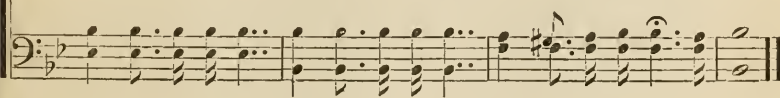
Till all shall know of the promise foretold, Je - sus is com-ing a - gain.
 Ev - er be read-y, both ear - ly and late, Je - sus is com-ing a - gain.
 Having redeem'd us from death and the grave, Je - sus is com-ing a - gain.



Je - sus is coming, Je - sus is coming, Je - sus is coming a - gain.



Je - sus is coming, Je - sus is coming, Je - sus is coming a - gain.



Mrs. MARY LEE DEMAREST, 1861—1881.

Scotch Song. Arr.

1. { I am far frae my hame, an' I'm wea-ry af-ten-whiles, For the
 I'll.... ne'er be fu' content, un- - til mine een do see The..
 D.C. But these sights an' these soun's will as naething be to me, When I

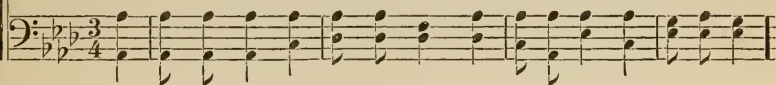
langed-for hame-bringing an' my Father's welcome smiles: }
 shin - ing gates o' heav'n an' my (omit.....) } ain coun - tree.
 hear the an - gels singing in my (omit.....) } ain coun - tree.

{ The earth is fleck'd with flowers, mon-y tint-ed, fresh an' gay; }
 { The bird-ies war - ble blithe-ly, for my Fa - ther made them sae: }

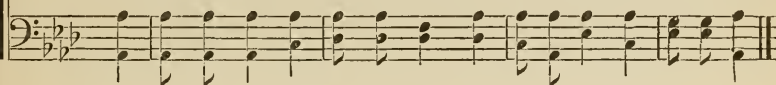
- 2 I've his gude word o' promise that some gladsome day, the King
 To his ain royal palace his banished hame will bring;
 Wi' een an' wi' hearts running owre, we shall see
 The King in his beauty, in our ain countree.
 My sins hae been mony, an' my sorrows hae been sair,
 But there they'll never vex me, nor be remembered mair;
 His bluid has made me white,—his hand shall dry mine e'e,
 When he brings me hame at last, to mine ain countree.
- 3 Sae little noo I ken, o' yon blessed bonnie place,
 I ainly ken its hame, whaur we shall see his face;
 It wad surely be eneuch for ever mair to be
 In the glory o' his presence in our ain countree.
 Like a bairn to its mither, a wee birdie to its nest,
 I wad fain be ganging noo, unto my Saviour's breast,
 For he gathers in his bosom witless, worthless lambs like me,
 An' carries them himsel', to his ain countree.
- 4 He's faithfu' that hath promised, he'll surely come again,
 He'll keep his tryst wi' me, at what hour I dinna ken;
 But he bids me still to wait, an' ready aye to be,
 To gang at ony moment to my ain countree.
 So I'm watching aye, and singing o' my hame as I wait.
 For the soun'ing o' his footfa' this side the gowden gate;
 God gie his grace to ilk ane wha' listens noo to me,
 That we a' may gang in gladness to our ain countree.



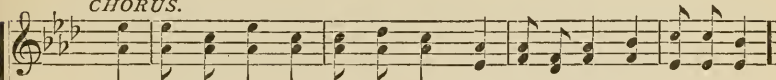
1. My hope is built on nothing less Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
2. When darkness veils his lovely face, I rest on his unchanging grace;
3. His oath,—his covenant, his blood, Support me in the sinking flood;
4. When he shall come with trumpet's sound, Oh, may I then with him be found,



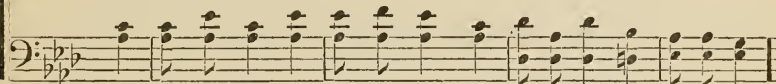
I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But wholly lean on Jesus' name.
 In every high and stormy gale, My anchor holds within the veil.
 When all a-round my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.
 Dressed in his righteousness a-lone, Faultless to stand before the throne.



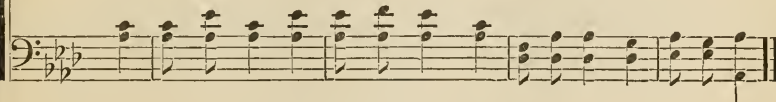
CHORUS.



On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand, All other ground is sinking sand;



On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand, All other ground is sinking sand.



ABBIE MILLS.

W. S. MARTIN.

1. What a Sav - iour! Ne'er for-saking E'en the least he knows by name;
 2. What a Sav - iour! See the fountain He hath opened up so wide,
 3. What a Saviour! Naught withholding; All good things are for his own,

Nev - er in his love mis-taking; Nev - er put - ting us to shame.
 Flowing forth from Calvary's mountain In a pure and ceaseless tide.
 Till in hea - ven we be-hold him With the hosts be - fore the throne.

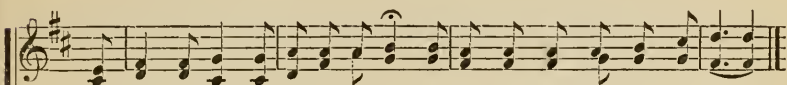
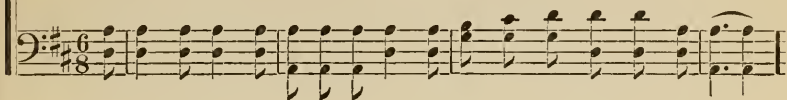
CHORUS.

What a Sav - iour! What a Saviour! In his love we rest to - day;

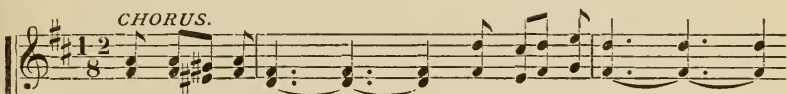
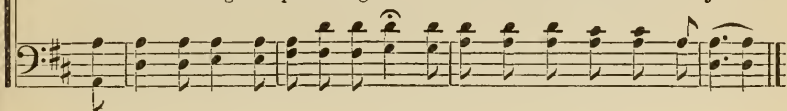
He has borne our con-dem-na-tion, He has wash'd our sins a - way.



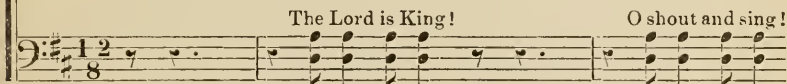
1. The Lord is King ; his palace is fair, Its tow-ers are gild-ed with light,
2. The King beholds the lillies that grow, He noteth the sparrows that fall,
3. The Lord is King ; He'll come by and by, And set up his throne here be-low ;
4. O shout and sing, ye people of God ! Ye mountains and hills find a voice !



Its gates are pearl, its walls rarest gems, Its banner of love is in sight.
 He guides the feet of those who are true, His hand is outspread o - ver all.
 His sceptre strong will vanquish all wrong, And Satan's dark host overthrow.
 The Lord is King ! Repeat the glad strain ! O call on his name and re-joyce !

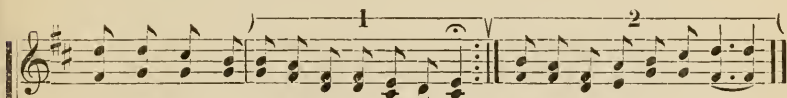


The Lord is King !..... O shout and sing !.....

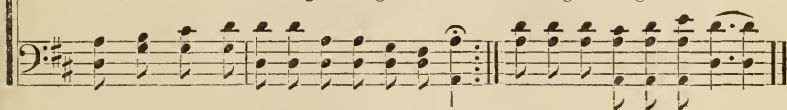


The Lord is King !

O shout and sing !



The Lord ev - cr-last-ing is King of the earth ! lasting is King of the earth !



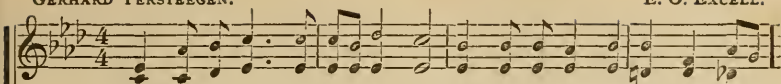
1. Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious, See the Man of Sorrows now,
 2. Crown the Saviour, saints and an-gels, Rich the tro-phies Je - sus brings;
 3. Sin - ners in de - ris-ion crown him, Mocking thus the Sav-jour's claim;
 4. Hark ! those bursts of ac - cla - ma-tion, Hark ! those loud triumphant chords;

From the fight re - turn vic - to-rious, Ev - ery knee to him shall bow.
 In the seat of power enthrone him, While the vault of heaven rings.
 Saints and an-gels crowd around him, Own his ti - tle, praise his name.
 Je - sus takes the high-est sta-tion, Oh, what joy the sight af - fords.

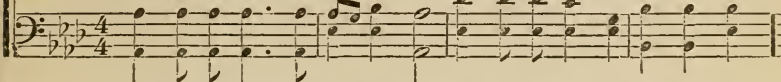
CHORUS.

Crown him, crown him, Saints and angels, Crown the Saviour King of kings.

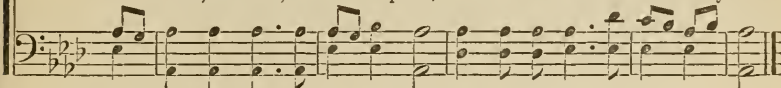
Crown him, crown him, Saints and an-gels, Crown the Saviour King, of kings.



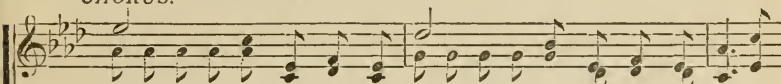
1. God calling yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
2. God calling yet! shall I not rise? Can I his lov-ing voice de-spise,
3. God calling yet! and shall he knock, And I my heart the clos-er lock?
4. God calling yet! and shall I give No heed, but still in bondage live?
5. God calling yet! I can-not stay; My heart I yield without de-lay:



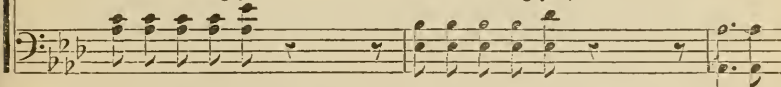
Shall life's swift passing years all fly, And still my soul in slumber lie?
 And base-ly his kind care re-pay? He calls me still; can I de-lay?
 He still is waiting to re-ceive, And shall I dare his spir-it grieve?
 I wait, but he does not forsake; He calls me still; my heart, a-wake!
 Vain world, farewell, from thee I part; The voice of God has reached my heart.



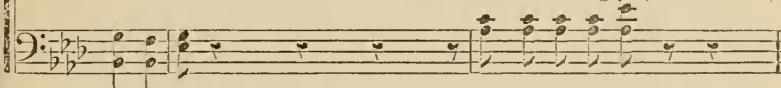
CHORUS.



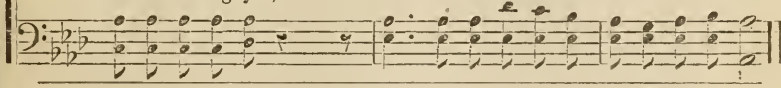
Call - - - ing, oh, hear Him Call - - - ing, oh, hear Him, God is
 God is calling yet, God is calling yet,



calling yet, oh hear Him calling, calling, Call - - - ing, oh, hear Him
 God is calling yet,



Call - - - ing, oh, hear Him, God is calling yet, oh hear Him calling yet.
 God is calling yet,



1. Time's sun is fast setting, its twilight is nigh, Its evening is falling in
 2. Rides forth the fierce tempest on th' wing of the cloud; The moan of the night-blast is
 3. The vision is nearing, the Judge and the throne, The voice of the an-gel pro-
 4. With clouds he is coming, his people shall sing, With gladness they hail him Re-

clouds o'er the sky; Its shadows are stretching in om-i - nous gloom, Its
 fit - ful and loud; The mountains are heaving, the for-ests are bowed, The
 claims it is done; On the whirl of the tempest its Ru-ler shall come, And the
 deem - er and King; The i-ron rod wielding, the rod of his ire, He

REFRAIN.

midnight approaches—the midnight of doom. Then haste, sinner haste, there is
 o - cean is surging, earth gathers its shroud.
 blaze of its glo-ry flash out from its gloom.
 com-eth to kindle earth's last fa - tal fire.

TIME'S SUN IS FAST SETTING. Concluded.

mer - - cy for thee, And wrath is preparing; flee, lin - ger - er, flee.

The musical score consists of three staves: a vocal line in G major with a 6/4 time signature, a piano accompaniment in G major with a 6/4 time signature, and a bass line in G major with a 6/4 time signature. The vocal line features a triplet of eighth notes on the first measure.

138

“Till He Come.”

Words arr. by W. S. M.

“Occupy till I come.”—Luke 19: 13.

W. S. MARTIN.

1. On - ly a few more bur - dens must we car - ry In heat and
 2. On - ly a lit - tle more of life's dark journey Through the world's
 3. On - ly a lit - tle long - er, thinking glad - ly Of the up -
 4. So let our eyes be on him in his ab - sence, Seeking to

The first system of the musical score is in G major, 4/4 time. It includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are numbered 1 through 4.

toil be - neath the scorching sun; On - ly a lit - tle long - er must we
 des - ert, till the day is done; On - ly a few more des - ert scenes of
 ris - ing of the brighter sun; On - ly a lit - tle long - er, wait - ing
 serve him in this day of grace, While the thought cheers us in the hour of

The second system continues the musical score with the same vocal and piano parts. The lyrics continue from the first system.

tar - ry— A lit - tle long - er, “till he come.”
 con - flict— A few more march - es “till he come.”
 sad - ly— A lit - tle long - er, “till he come.”
 sad - ness, We soon shall see him face to face.

The third system concludes the musical score. The lyrics are presented in a list format, with the piano accompaniment continuing underneath.

139 Will you be among the number?

ALICE M. LOWE.

N. S. HOWARD.

1. Will you be a - mong the num - ber That shall hear the Sav - iour say, —
 2. Will you be a - mong the num - ber That shall have a home at last
 3. Will you be a - mong the num - ber That shall wear a robe of white,
 4. Will you be a - mong the num - ber That make up the blood - wash'd throng,
 5. Yes, I'll be a - mong the num - ber; Je - sus wants me to be there:

“Well done, good and faith - ful servant,” When he comes on judgment day?
 With the Saviour and his loved ones, Where all pain and death are past?
 That shall bear a harp in glo - ry, And be crown'd with jew - els bright?
 Who both day and night with gladness Sing the ev - er - last - ing song?
 He has paid the precious ran - som, That his glo - ry I may share.

CHORUS.

Yes, I'll be a - mong the number, Je - sus wants me to be
 Yes, I'll be a - mong the number, Jesus wants me to be

there; He has paid the precious ransom, That his glo - ry I may share.

1. List, the Sav-iour is call-ing! Guilty sin - ners to - day, To the
 2. List, the Sav-iour is call-ing! He who came from a - bove To re -

fount-ain of cleansing He is point-ing the way; Wilt thou leave ev-ery
 deem thee from bondage And to fill thee with love; See, the fountain is

oth - er For the one who hath died? He will save thee and keep thee
 open'd! There is cleansing to - day: Christ in mer - cy is call - ing,

REFRAIN.

Ev - er near to his side, He who calls thee will keep thee, By his
 En - ter now while you may.

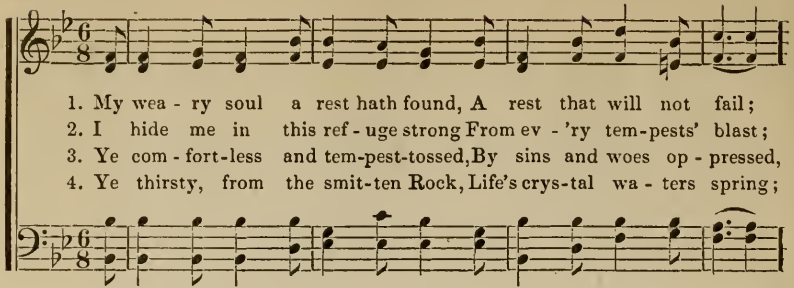
pow-er di-vine; In thy soul, fill'd with darkness, Light from heaven shall shine.

141 My weary soul a rest hath found.

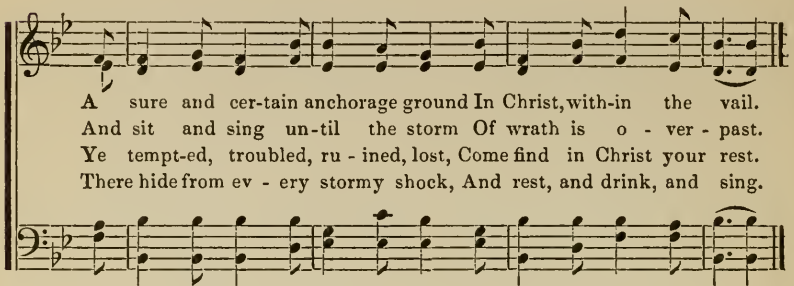
H. L. HASTINGS.

(Isa. 32: 2.)

E. C. AVIS.

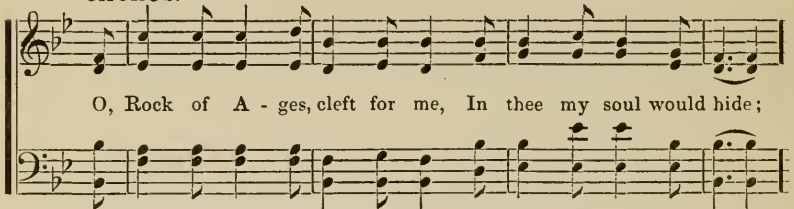


1. My wea - ry soul a rest hath found, A rest that will not fail;
2. I hide me in this ref - uge strong From ev - 'ry tem - pests' blast;
3. Ye com - fort - less and tem - pest - tossed, By sins and woes op - pressed,
4. Ye thirsty, from the smit - ten Rock, Life's crys - tal wa - ters spring;

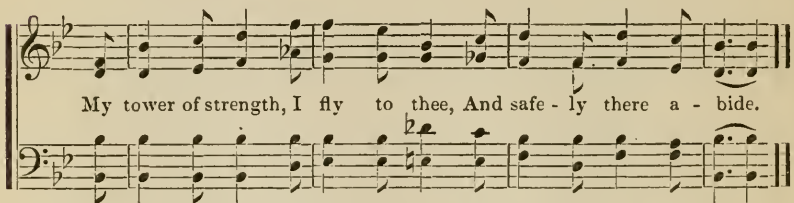


A sure and cer - tain anchorage ground In Christ, with - in the veil.
And sit and sing un - til the storm Of wrath is o - ver - past.
Ye tempt - ed, troubled, ru - ined, lost, Come find in Christ your rest.
There hide from ev - ery stormy shock, And rest, and drink, and sing.

CHORUS.



O, Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, In thee my soul would hide;



My tower of strength, I fly to thee, And safe - ly there a - bide.

By per.—From "Songs of Pilgrimage?" Copyright, 1887, by E. C. AVIS.

Rev. JOHN NEWTON, 1799.

SAMUEL STANLEY.

1. A - mazing grace, how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me!
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re - lieved;

I once was lost, but now am found; Was blind, but now I see.
How pre-cious did that grace ap - pear, The hour I first be - lieved.

3 Thro' many dangers, toils, and snares, I have already come;
'Tis grace that brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.

4 Yes, when this heart and flesh shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess within the veil
A life of joy and peace.

143

Belmont.

Rev. SAMUEL STENNETT.

FROM MOZART.

1. Ma - jes - tic sweetness sits enthroned Up - on the Sav - iour's brow;
2. No mor - tal can with him com - pare, A - mong the sons of men;

His head with ra - diant glories crowned, His lips with grace o'er - flow.
Fair - er is he than all the fair Who fill the heavenly train.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
And flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

4 To heaven, the place of his abode,
He brings my weary feet;

Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.

5 Since from thy bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord! they should all be thine.

By permission.

Words and Music by Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Come ev - 'ry soul by sin oppressed, There's mercy with the Lord;

And he will sure - ly give you rest, By trust - ing in his word.

CHORUS.

On - ly trust him, On - ly trust him, On - ly trust him now!

He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 For Jesus shed his precious blood,
Rich blessings to bestow;
Plunge now into the crimson flood
That washes white as snow.</p> <p>3 Yes, Jesus is the truth, the way
That leads you into rest;
Believe in him without delay,
And you are fully blest.</p> | <p>4 O Jesus, blessed Jesus, dear,
I'm coming now to thee,
Since thou hast made the way so clear,
And full salvation free.</p> <p>5 Come, then, and join this holy band,
And on to glory go;
To dwell in that celestial land
Where joys immortal flow.</p> |
|---|--|

145

DEDICATION TO THE LORD.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Let him, to whom we now belong,
His sovereign right assert,
And take up every thankful song,
And every loving heart.</p> <p><i>Cho.</i>—Here with Jesus, here with Jesus,
Only Jesus now;
For he saves us, sweetly saves us,
Jesus saves us now.</p> <p>2 He justly claims us for his own,
Who bought us with a price;</p> | <p>The Christian lives to Christ alone,
To Christ alone he dies.</p> <p>3 Jesus, thine own at last receive;
Fulfil our hearts' desire,
And let us to thy glory live,
And in thy cause expire.</p> <p>4 Our souls and bodies we resign;
With joy we render thee
Our all,—no longer ours, but thine
To all Eternity.</p> |
|---|--|

C. WESLEY

1. Led each step by Je - sus, I am marching thro' All the land he gave me,
 2. Peace, like a broad riv - er Filling all my heart, Wider groweth ev - er
 3. On be - fore 'tis bet - ter, This I sure - ly know; For I hear him say - ing—

By the cov'nant new, I am feast - ing dai - ly On the corn and wine,
 By some heav'nly art. Nothing, noth - ing lack - ing, All my needs supplied;
 "Rise and onward go." So, now I am march - ing Thro' Immanuel's land,

CHORUS.

On the milk and honey Of this land di - vine. Oh, what boundless treasure
 I am sing - ing ev - er—Je - sus will provide.
 To my home in heaven, With the blood - wash'd band.

In this land I find, Since the Holy Spirit On my heart hath shin'd, Curing all my

blindness, All my lameness too, Shutting out the old things, Bringing in the new.

Rock of Ages.

"The Lord is my defence, and my God is the Rock of my refuge."—Ps. 94: 22.

Rev. A. M. TOPLADY, 1776.

Dr. THOS. HASTINGS, 1830.

Fine.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee;
D.C. Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save me from its guilt and power.

2. Not the la - bor of my hands Can ful - fil thy law's demands;
D.C. All for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and thou a - lone.

D.C.
 Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy ri - ven side which flowed,
 Could my zeal no res - pite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
 Simply to thy cross I cling;
 Naked, come to thee for dress,
 Helpless, look to thee for grace;
 Foul, I to the fountain fly,
 Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When mine eyes shall close in death,
 When I soar to worlds unknown,
 See thee on thy judgment throne,—
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee.

Arlington. C. M.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS, 1720.

THOS. A. ARNE, 1744.

1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross— A follow'r of the Lamb—
 2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flowery beds of ease,

And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name?
 While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sail'd thro' blood - y seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
 Must I not stem the flood?
 Is this vile world a friend to grace,
 To help me on to God?

4 Since I must fight if I would reign,
 Increase my courage, Lord;
 I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
 Supported by thy word.

1. A - far from home, on an island lone, John heard, on the Lord's own day.
 2. O glorious word, by the prophet heard A - bove the bil-low's roar;
 3. We lay our dead in the grave's dark shade, And our hearts are sad and sore;
 4. O morning bright, may thy radiant light Soon shine this dark earth o'er;

A mighty voice, like a trumpet's tone, Which un - to him did say—
 "The cru - ci - fied, who for sinners died, Is a - live for - ev - er - more."
 But Je - sus lives, and the promise gives, "They shall rise to die no more."
 Then saints who weep, shall awake from sleep, And shall live forever - more.

CHORUS.

"I am he that liv - eth—and was dead, I have burst the pris-on door;

I bear the keys of death and hell, And I live for - ev - er - more."

"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—Matt. 11: 28.

ANON.

PHILIP PHILLIPS, by per.

1. I have heard of a Saviour's love, And a won-der-ful love it must be ;
 2. I have heard how he suffer'd and bled, How he languish'd and died on the tree ;
 3. I've been told of a heav'n on high, Which the children of Je - sus shall see ;
 4. Lord, answer these questions of mine, To whom shall I go but to thee ?

But did he come down from a - bove, Out of love and com - pas - sion for
 But then is it an - y - where said, That he languish'd and suffered for
 But is there a place in the sky Made read - y and furnish'd for
 And say by thy Spirit di - vine, There's a Saviour and heaven for

CHORUS.

me, for me, Out of love and compassion for me? RESPONSE.* Yes, yes, yes, for
 me, for me, That he languish'd and suffer'd for me?
 me, for me, Made read - y and furnish'd for me?
 me, for me, There's a Saviour and heaven for me.

me, for me, Yes, yes, yes, for me ; Our Lord from a - bove, in his

* The Response, or Scripture text, to be read for each verse, before singing the Chorus.

SONG OF SALVATION. Concluded.

rit.

in - fi - nite love, On the cross died to save you and me.

SCRIPTURE RESPONSE TO VERSE 1.

“It is a faithful say- }
ing, and worthy of } all ac-cep-ta-tion, { That Christ Je- }
sus came into the } world to save sinners.”

SCRIPTURE RESPONSE TO VERSE 2.

“He was wounded for }
our transgressions, he } our iniquities.” { The chastise- }
was bruised for.... } ment of our } peace was upon him; and

SCRIPTURE RESPONSE TO VERSE 3.

with his stripes we are heal'd. “In my Father's house are many mansions;

if it were not so, I would }
have told you; I go to pre- } place for you; that where I am there ye may be al - so.”
pare a..... }

151 We shall Sleep, but not Forever.

"Sown in corruption...raised in incorruption."—1 Cor. 15: 42.

Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

S. J. VAIL, by per.

1. We shall sleep, but not for - ev - er, There will be a glorious dawn!
 2. When we see a precious blossom, That we tend - ed with such care,
 3. We shall sleep, but not for - ev - er, In the lone and si - lent grave;

We shall meet to part, no, nev - er, On the res - ur - rec - tion morn!
 Rude - ly tak - en from our bo - som, How our ach - ing hearts de - spair!
 Bless - ed be the Lord that tak - eth, Bless - ed be the Lord that gave.

From the deep - est caves of o - cean, From the de - sert and the plain,
 Round its lit - tle grave we lin - ger, Till the set - ting sun is low,
 In the bright, e - ter - nal ci - ty, Death can nev - er, nev - er come!

From the val - ley and the mountain, Countless throngs shall rise a - gain,
 Feel - ing all our hopes have perished With the flow'r we cherished so,
 In his own good time he'll call us From our rest, to Home, sweet Home.

CHORUS. *p* *cres.*

We shall sleep, but not for - ev - er, There will be a glo - rious dawn.

WE SHALL SLEEP. Concluded.

We shall meet to part, no, nev - er, On the res - ur - rec-tion morn!

152

Italian Hymn.

CHARLES WESLEY.

F. GIARDINI, 1769.

1. Come, thou Al - might - y King, Help us thy name to sing,
 2. Come, thou in - car - nate Word, Gird on thy might - y sword;
 3. Come, ho - ly Com - fort - er! Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear,
 4. To the great One in Three, The high - est prai - ses be,

Help us to praise; Fa - ther! all glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -
 Our prayer at - tend; Come, and thy peo - ple bless, And give thy
 In this glad hour; Thou, who Al - might - y art, Now rule in
 Hence ev - er - more! His sovereign ma - jes - ty May we in

to - ri - ous, Come and reign o - ver us, An - cient of Days!
 word suc - cess: Spir - it of ho - li - ness! On us de - scend.
 ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of power!
 glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore.

With Expression.

1. The gift of life, e - ter - nal life, By God to us is given;
 2. By faith this gift you may re - ceive, And claim it as your own;
 3. E - ter - nal life, a precious gift, To guilty sin - ners given,

To save our souls from sin and death, He sent his Son from heaven.
 'Tis free - ly of - fered you to - day Thro' Christ, God's on - ly Son.
 A hun - dred fold to - day, and soon E - ter - ni - ty in heaven.

CHORUS. Is death, is death;

The wa - ges of sin is death, is death, is death, The wages of sin is

Tempo.

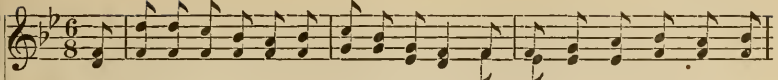
death, is death, is death; But the gift of God is eternal life, Thro' Jesus Christ our

Lord, But the gift of God is e - ter - nal life, Thro' Je - sus Christ, our Lord.

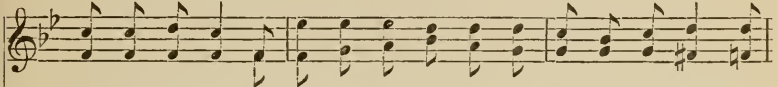
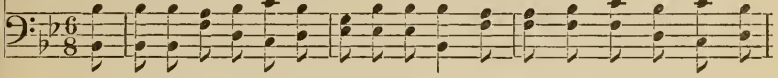
E. C. A.

"My God is the Rock of my refuge."—Ps. 94: 22.

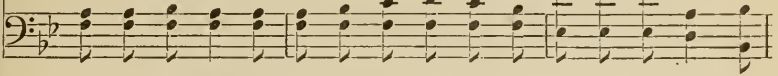
E. C. AVIS.



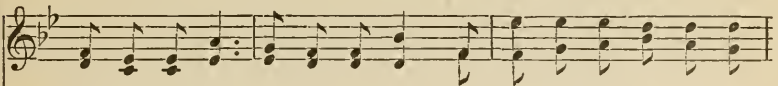
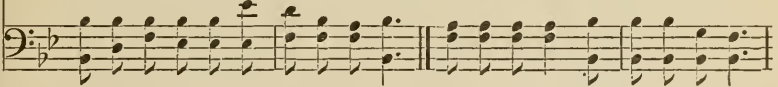
1. The Lord is my rock and my refuge complete, I fear not the storms, tho' a -
2. Thou sure Rock of Ages, I'm trusting in thee; Tho' sorrows may sad-den, and
3. O rock, blessed rock, .. in thee I'm se-cure; A - bid-ing for - ev - er in



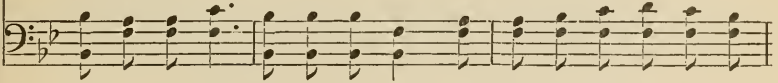
round me they beat; With Je - sus my safe-ty, from dan-ger I'm free, 'Mid
com - forts may flee, My trust yet un - sha - ken in thee still shall be; Thou
thee I'll endure; When tempted by Sa - tan, to thee will I flee, And



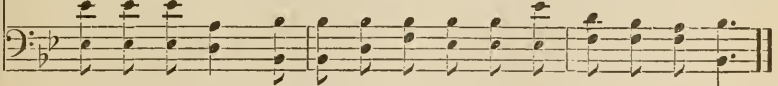
billow and tempest I'm shelter'd in thee. Shelter'd in thee, I'm shelter'd in thee;
firm Rock of Ages, I'm shelter'd in thee.
sing 'mid the conflict, I'm shelter'd in thee.



Shelter'd in thee, shelter'd in thee, Thou sure Rock of A - ges, I'm



shel-ter'd in thee; Thou sure Rock of A - ges, I'm shel-ter'd in thee.

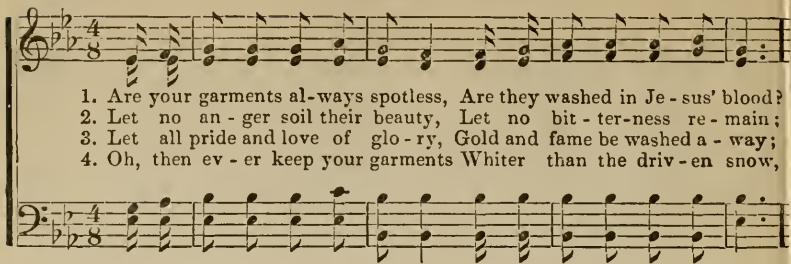


155 Let your Garments be always White.

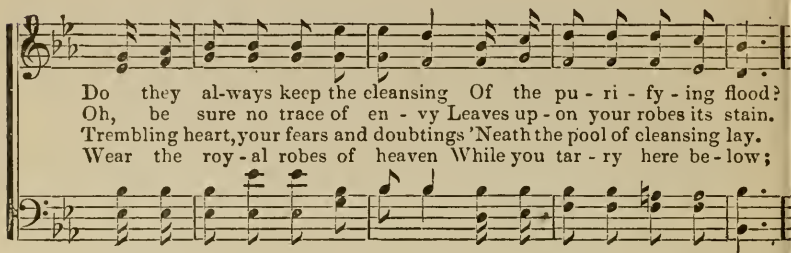
EMMA F. FISK.

(Ecclesiastes 9: 8.)

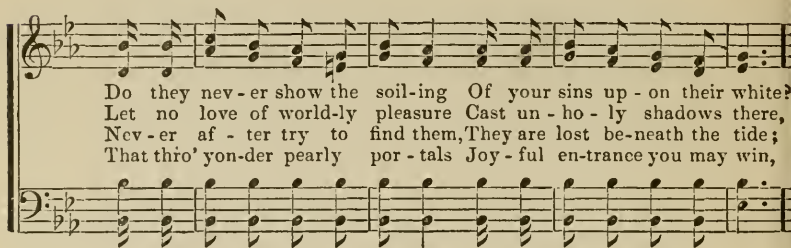
G. K. A.



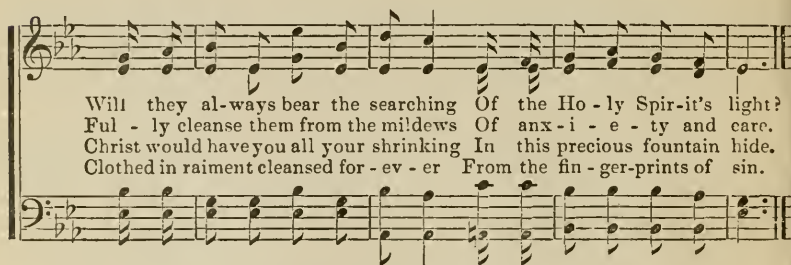
1. Are your garments al-ways spotless, Are they washed in Je - sus' blood?
2. Let no an - ger soil their beauty, Let no bit - ter-ness re - main;
3. Let all pride and love of glo - ry, Gold and fame be washed a - way;
4. Oh, then ev - er keep your garments Whiter than the driv - en snow,



Do they al-ways keep the cleansing Of the pu - ri - fy - ing flood?
Oh, be sure no trace of en - vy Leaves up - on your robes its stain.
'Trembling heart, your fears and doubtings 'Neath the pool of cleansing lay.
Wear the roy - al robes of heaven While you tar - ry here be - low;



Do they nev - er show the soil - ing Of your sins up - on their white?
Let no love of world - ly pleasure Cast un - ho - ly shadows there,
Nev - er af - ter try to find them, They are lost be - neath the tide;
That thro' yon - der pearly por - tals Joy - ful en - trance you may win,



Will they al-ways bear the searching Of the Ho - ly Spir - it's light?
Ful - ly cleanse them from the mildews Of anx - i - e - ty and care.
Christ would have you all your shrinking In this precious fountain hide.
Clothed in raiment cleansed for - ev - er From the fin - ger - prints of sin.

LET YOUR GARMENTS BE ALWAYS WHITE. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Let your gar - ments be spot - less, Al - ways pure and bright;
then be ev - er spotless,

Thro' the precious blood of Je - sus Keep them ev - er clean and white.

156

Father, to Thee I Come.

"Him that cometh unto me I will in nowise cast out."—Jno. 6: 37.

Arr. by E. C. AVIS.

With feeling.

1. Fa - ther to thee I come, Own - ing how weak I am; Grant thy sus -
2. More of thy love I'd have, Near - er to thee would live; Earnest heart

tain - ing arm, Hear me, I pray.
ser - vice give, Day af - ter day.

3 When I shall tempted be,
Nothing but clouds shall see,
Strengthen my trust in thee,
Let me not stray.

4 When comes that final night,
Ere faith be changed to sight,
Be thou the perfect light
Leading to day.

Copyright, 1887, by E. C. AVIS.

Remember Me. C. M.

Come, Ho - ly Ghost, in - spire our songs With thine im - mor - tal flame;
En - large our hearts, un - loose our tongues To praise the Saviour's name.

Cho { Re - mem - ber me, re - mem - ber me, Dear Lord, re - mem - ber me;
Re - mem - ber, Lord, thy dy - ing groans, And thou re - mem - ber me. }

157 The Lord our Helper is close to thee.

Mrs. L. S. HOWELL.

"I will never leave thee."—Heb. 13: 5.

E. C. AVIS.

1. We may sow and reap in the world's broad fields, Till our brows are pale and worn,
 2. We may bow 'neath loads of grief and care, And our hearts grow faint and sore,
 3. Let us do our part with a willing heart, Since we trust in God a - lone ;

And the hand while plucking the ro - ses sweet, By many a briar be torn.
 Yet near and nearer the Saviour comes, Who hath all our sufferings bore.
 For our strength is drawn from him above, Who rules from the great white throne.

Yet gather the sheaves where'er they be, For the Lord our helper is close to thee.
 Then lift thy burden, whate'er it be, For the Lord our helper is close to thee.
 Then do thy duty, whate'er it be, For the Lord our helper is close to thee.

Yet gather the sheaves where'er they be, For the Lord our helper is close to thee.
 Then lift thy burden, whate'er it be, For the Lord our helper is close to thee.
 Then do.. thy du-ty, whate'er it be, For the Lord our helper is close to thee.

1. There is room in the heart of Je - sus For the wea-ry, and worn, and sad ;
 2. There is room in the heart of Je - sus For the sin-ner, who-e'er he be ;
 3. There is room in the heart of Je - sus For the sin-ner, by doubt op-prest ;

There is room in the heart of Je - sus, And a wel-come to make them glad.
 Then.. come guilty soul to Je - sus, And.. he.. will set thee free.
 Then.. come with thy doubt to Je - sus, And.. he.. will give thee rest.

CHORUS.

There is room, there is room : There is room in the heart of Je - sus ;
 There is room, there is room : Jesus for thee.

There is room, there is room : There is room in his heart for thee.
 There is room, there is room :

1. There's a ci - ty that looks o'er the val - ley of death, And its
 2. There the King our Re-deem - er, the Lord whom we love, Will the
 3. Ev - ery soul we have led to the foot of the cross, Every
 4. There all sick - ness and sor - row and death are un-known, There..

glo - ries may nev - er be told; There the sun nev - er sets, and the
 faith - ful with rap - ture be-hold; There the righteous for - ev - er will
 one we have brought to the fold, Will be kept as bright jew - els our
 glo - ries on glo - ries un-fold; There the Lamb is the light in the

leaves nev - er fade, In that beau - ti - ful ci - ty of gold.
 shine like the stars, In that beau - ti - ful ci - ty of gold.
 crown to a - dorn, In that beau - ti - ful ci - ty of gold.
 midst of the throne, In that beau - ti - ful ci - ty of gold.

CHORUS.

There the sun nev - er sets, And the leaves nev - er fade,
 There the sun never sets, And the leaves nev - er fade,

There the righteous forever Shall shine like the stars, In that beautiful city of gold.

"Come before his presence with singing."—Ps. 100: 2.

ISAAC WATTS.

G. FRANC, 1545.

1. From all that dwell be - low the skies, Let the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise;
 2. E - ter - nal are thy mercies, Lord; E - ter - nal truth attends thy word:
 DOXOLOGY. Praise God, from whom all blessings flow, Praise him all creatures here below;

Let the Redeemer's Name be sung, Thro' ev - 'ry land, by ev - 'ry tongue.
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more.
 Praise him, a - bove, ye heav'nly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

Dr. L. MASON.

1. My... soul, be on thy guard; Ten thou - sand foes a - rise;
 2. O.... watch, and fight, and pray; The bat - tle ne'er give o'er;

The.. hosts of sin are press - ing hard To draw thee from the skies.
 Re - new it bold - ly ev - 'ry day, And help di - vine im - plore.

3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
 Nor lay thine armor down:
 The work of faith will not be done,
 Till thou obtain the crown.

4 Then persevere till death
 Shall bring thee to thy God;
 He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
 To his divine abode.

We're Saved by the Blood.

E. C. A.

"Without shedding of blood is no remission."—Heb. 9: 22.

E. C. AVIS.

1. We're saved by the blood Of the one who was slain,
 2. The debt has been paid, And the cap - tive set free,
 3. All glo - ry and praise To the dear Son of God,
 4. He di - eth— no more, But he liv - eth to reign;

To res - cue the lost, And the wan - d'rer re - claim.
 His blood was the price, Shed for you and for me.
 Who paid the great debt With his own pre - cious blood!
 From glo - ry a - bove He is com - ing a - gain.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah to him, Who for sin - ners was slain;

Hal - le - lu - jah and prai - ses be un - to his name.

Come, ye Disconsolate.

"Come unto me, and I will give you rest."—Matt. 11 : 28.

THO'S. MOORE and THO'S. HASTINGS.

SAMUEL WEBBE.

1. Come, ye dis-con-so-late! wher-e'er ye lan-guish, Come to the
 2. Joy of the des-o-late! light of the stray-ing, Hope of the
 3. Here see the bread of life: see wa-ters flow-ing Forth from the

mer-cy-seat, fer-vent-ly kneel: Here bring your wounded hearts,
 pen-i-tent, fade-less and pure! Here speaks the Com-fort-er,
 throne of God, pure from a-bove: Come to the feast of love;

here tell your an-guish; Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot heal.
 ten-der-ly say-ing, Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot cure.
 come, ev-er knowing, Earth has no sorrows, but heav'n can re-move.

Gloria Patri.

ANON.

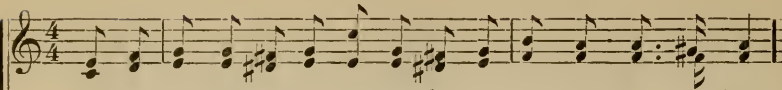
Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly Ghost:
 As it was in the beginning, }
 is now, and..... } ev-er shall be, world with-out end. A-men.

165 We are Christian Soldiers Marching.

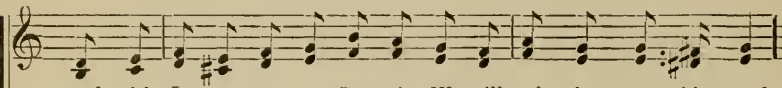
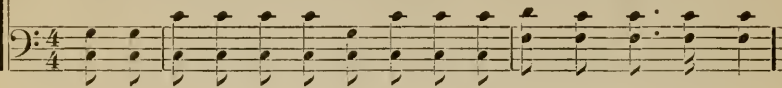
E. C. A.

(Eph. 6: 10-17.)

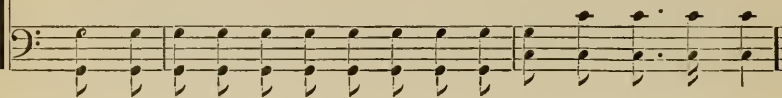
E. C. AVIS.



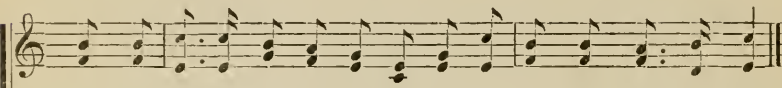
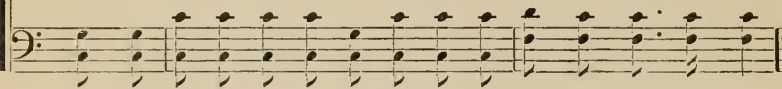
1. We are Christian soldiers marching On to bat - tle for the Lord,
2. Turn thou not, nor look behind thee, But with cour - age face the foe;
3. Be thou faith - ful, en - dure hardness, As good sol - diers, quick o - bey;



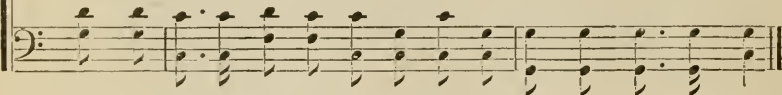
And with Je - sus as our Cap - tain, We will ral - ly at his word.
Take the helmet of sal - va - tion, Nought but vic - to - ry to know:
Soon the last foe will be taken, Soon will come the glo - rious day:



Be our numbers few or many, We will stand for truth and right,
Put ye on complete the armor, Having done all dare to stand;
On - ward, forward, soldiers, ready, Sa - tan and his hosts de - fy,



And we'll ne'er give up the conflict Till the foe we've put to flight.
Use the word as sword of spir - it, Trust thou not in thine own hand.
And through Jesus' name we'll tri - umph In the com - ing by and by.



WE ARE CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS MARCHING. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Then we'll march on to bat - tle for the Lord, Then we'll battle for the Lord,

march on to bat - tle for the Lord, And we'll ne'er give up the
for the Lord,
cres - - cen - - do. ff

fight Till the foe we've put to flight, And return more than conquerors thro' the word.

166

I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

1 I love to tell the story
Of unseen things above;
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love!
I love to tell the story!
Because I know its true;
It satisfies my longings
As nothing else would do.
Chorus.
I love to tell the story,
'Twill be my theme in glory
To tell the old, old story
Of Jesus and his love.

2 I love to tell the story!
More wonderful it seems
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams.
I love to tell the story!
It did so much for me!

And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee.

3 I love to tell the story!
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the story!
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own Holy Word.

4 I love to tell the story!
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.
And when in scenes of glory
I sing the *New, New Song*,
'Twill be the *Old, Old Story*,
That I have loved so long.

E. C. A.

(Isa. 55: 1.)

E. C. AVIS.

With Spirit.

1. Ho! ev - 'ry one.. that thirsteth, come, Glad - ly come, glad - ly come;
 2. Th'Spir-it.. and.. the Bride say come, All may come, all may come;
 3. If an - y man thirst, let him come to me, Come to me, come to me;

Cho.—Je - sus the water of life will give, Free - ly give, free - ly give;

Fine.

Yea, come ye, drink of the wa - ters free, Come without money and buy.
 And who - so - ev - er will, let him come And take the water of life.
 And him that com - eth un - to me I will in no wise cast out.

Je - sus the water of life will give Free - ly to those who re - ceive.

List to the Spir - it,—O hear him say, Quick - ly come, quick - ly come,
 Th' Rock, once smitten, now flows for thee, Flows for thee, flows for thee;
 Drink then O thirsty.... soul, and live, Drink and live, drink and live;

D. C.

Drink of the water of life to-day, Come and no longer de - lay.
 Drink of the water so pure and free, Come without money and buy.
 Free - ly the water of life I give, Come and salvation re - ceive.

The Great Physician.

Arranged by Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. The great Phy-si - cian now is near, The sym - pa - thiz - ing Je - sus ;
 2. Your many sins are all forgiven, Oh ! hear the voice of Je - sus :
 3. All glo - ry to the dy - ing Lamb, I now be - lieve in Je - sus :

He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, Oh ! hear the voice of Je - sus.
 Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Je - sus.
 I love the bless - ed Saviour's name, I love the name of Je - sus.

CHORUS.

Sweet - est note in ser - aph song, Sweetest name on mor - tal tongue,

ritard.
 Sweet - est car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, Je - sus, Je - sus.

4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
 No other name but Jesus :
 Oh ! how my soul delights to hear
 The charming name of Jesus.

5 And when to that bright world above
 We rise to see our Jesus,
 We'll sing around the throne of love
 The name, the name of Jesus.

The Holy Spirit.

"God giveth not the Spirit by measure."—John 3: 34.

ANDREW REED.

E. C. AVIS.

1. Spir-it.. di-vine, at - tend our prayers, And make this house thy home ;
 2. Come as the fire, .. and purge our hearts Like sac - ri - fi - cial flame ;
 3. Come as the wind, with rush-ing sound And Pen - ta - cos - tal grace ;

De - scend with all thy gracious powers, O come, great Spir - it, come.
 Let our whole soul an offering be To our Re - deem - er's name.
 That all of wo-man born may see The glo - ry of thy face.

Come as.. the light to us re - veal Our emp - ti - ness and woe,
 Come as.. the dove and spread thy wings, The wings of peace - ful love,
 Come in.. thy power to dy - ing souls, Fill now each wait - ing heart,

And lead us in those paths of life Where all the righteous go.
 And let thy church on earth be - come Blessed as the church a - bove.
 Reign thou supreme, great Spir - it reign, And nev - er - more de - part.

Rev. GEO. DUFFIELD, Jr., 1853.

1. { Stand up! stand up for Je-sus! Ye soldiers of the cross; }
 { Lift high his roy-al ban-ner, It must not..... } suf-fer loss;
 D. C. Till ev-'ry foe is vanquish'd, And Christ is..... Lord in-deed.

From vic-t'ry un-to vic-t'ry His ar-my he shall lead,

D. C.

2 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
 Stand in his strength alone;
 The arm of flesh will fail you—
 Ye dare not trust your own:
 Put on the gospel armor,
 And, watching unto prayer,
 Where duty calls, or danger,
 Be never wanting there.

3 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
 The strife will not be long;
 This day the noise of battle,
 The next the victor's song:
 To him that overcometh,
 A crown of life shall be;
 He with the King of Glory
 Shall reign eternally.

171

I SAW A WAY-WORN TRAVELER.

1 I saw a way-worn traveler,
 In tattered garments clad,
 And, struggling up the mountain,
 It seemed that he was sad:
 His back was laden heavy,
 His strength was almost gone,
 Yet he shouted, as he journeyed,
 Deliverance will come.

Still shouting, as he journeyed
 Deliverance will come.

Cho.—Then palms of victory,
 Crowns of glory,
 Palms of victory
 I shall bear.

4 I saw him in the evening,
 The sun was bending low,
 Had overtopped the mountain,
 And reached the vale below:
 He saw the golden city,
 His everlasting home,
 And shouted loud hosanna!
 Deliverance will come.

2 The summer sun was shining,
 The sweat was on his brow,
 His garments worn and dusty,
 His step seemed very slow:
 But he kept pressing onward,
 For he was wending home,
 Still shouting, as he journeyed,
 Deliverance will come.

5 While gazing on that city,
 Just o'er the narrow flood,
 A band of holy angels
 Came from the throne of God:
 They bore him on their pinions,
 Safe o'er the dashing foam,
 And joined him in his triumph,—
 Deliverance has come.

3 The songsters in the arbor,
 That grew beside the way,
 Attracted his attention,
 Inviting his delay:
 His watchword being "Onward,"
 He stopped his ears and ran,

6 I heard the song of triumph
 They sang upon that shore,
 Saying, "Jesus has redeemed us,
 To suffer nevermore!"
 Then casting his eyes backward,
 On the race which he had ran,
 He shouted loud hosanna!
 Deliverance has come.

Mrs. L. E. Cox.
Arr. by E. C. Avis.

(Rev. 3: 20.)

E. C. AVIS.

With feeling.

1. { Je - sus knocking, see him standing Just outside your heart's closed door;
Do not grieve him, one so lov - ing, How can you his mer - cy slight?

2. { He'll re - ceive you, he will bless you, Though your sins are scarlet now;
Shall he leave you, will you o - pen Wide the por - tals to his sight?

3. { He is call - ing, gen - tly call - ing, As he nev - er called be - fore;
Ask your heart to calm - ly lis - ten To that voice so soft and light,

rit.

{ Knocking, knocking for ad - mis - sion, As he knocked so oft be - fore.
{ He is ask - ing for your heart's - love, Will you take one step to - night?
{ He will cleanse you in the fountain, Wash you till your white as snow.
{ If he goes a - gain he'll come not, Will you take one step to - night?
{ Ask - ing, pleading O so soft - ly For the love you gave of yore.
{ As it pleads with you so lov - ing, Will you take one step to - night.

REFRAIN.

One step near - er, one step on - ly. This is all he asks for quite;

rit.

Will you heed the call of Je - sus, Wilt thou take that step to - night?

Words by CHAS. B. J. ROOT.

Melody by D. C. WRIGHT.
Arr. by R. K. CARTER.

1. A - bid - ing, oh, so wondrous sweet! I'm rest - ing at the Saviour's feet;
2. He speaks, and by his word is giv'n His peace, a rich foretaste of heav'n!
3. I live; not I through him a-lone, By whom the mighty work is done,
4. Now rest, my heart, the work is done, I'm sav'd thro' the E - ter - nal Son!

I trust in him, I'm sat - is - fied, I'm rest - ing in the cru - ci - fied!
Not as the world he peace doth give, 'Tis thro' this hope my soul shall live.
Dead to my - self, a - live to him, I count all loss his rest to gain.
Let all my pow'rs my soul employ, To tell the world my peace and joy.

CHORUS.

A - bid - - ing, a - bid - - ing, oh! so wondrous sweet!....
wondrous sweet!
A - bid - ing in him, I'm resting in him, oh! so wondrous sweet!

I'm rest - - ing, rest - - ing At the Sav - iour's feet.....
at his feet.
I'm resting in him, resting in' him, At the Sav - iour's feet.....

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f

1. { A young man came running to Je-sus, As he taught the people one day,
He was per - fect in man ly beauty, He was glowing with life and health ;

2. { He was guilty of no.. great sinning, He had kept all the writ - ten law ;
Yet the Saviour looked on him with sorrow, For he so loved the excellent youth,

3. { Young man, who to - day may be boasting Of your moral and up - right life,
There are some of the low-est and vilest, To.. God and their manhood untrue,

4. { You may make your own plan of salvation, And the Saviour a - side may cast ;
O... leave not the one thing so needful, Which the blood of our Lord hath cost,

To in-quire of the bless - ed Master How to en-ter the heavenly way. }
He was gift-ed in world - ly wisdom, He was mighty in power and wealth. }
He was honest and upright and mor-al, In his life you could find no flaw. }
And he saw that the one.. thing wanting Was a real be-lief in the truth. }
You.. know not how soon you may falter When you come in the midst of the strife; }
Who.. once were as sure of their fu-ture And as loud in their boasting as you. }
You may rest quite se-secure in your goodness, But will find you're mistaken at last. }
With.. this will your works be ac-cept-ed, With - out it your soul will be lost! } *D.S.*

REFRAIN.

1 & 2. But one thing thou lackest, said Je-sus, One thing is wanting in thee:
3 & 4. The one thing thou lackest, O young man, Th' one thing that's wanting in thee,

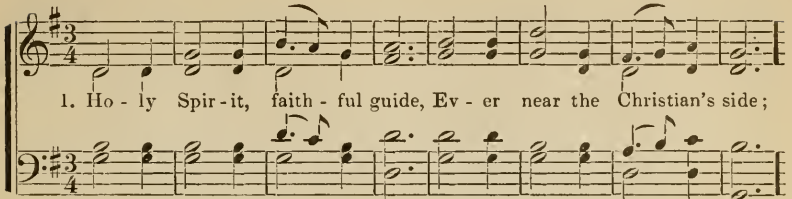
Go part with that which may hin-der, Then come thou and follow me.
Is acceptance of Christ the Saviour, For he says come follow me.

Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

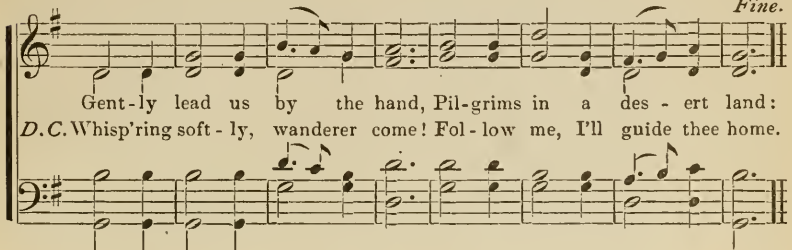
"I will guide thee with mine eye."—Ps. 32: 8.

M. M. WELLS, 1858.

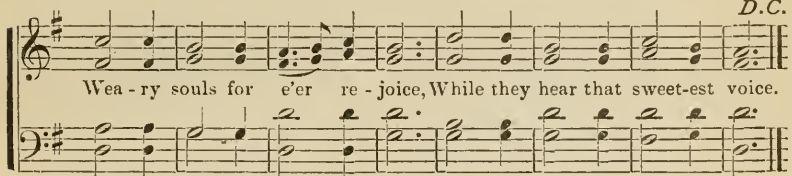
M. M. WELLS, by per.



1. Ho-ly Spir-it, faith-ful guide, Ev-er near the Christian's side;



Gent-ly lead us by the hand, Pil-grims in a des-ert land:
D.C. Whisp'ring soft-ly, wanderer come! Fol-low me, I'll guide thee home.



Wea-ry souls for e'er re-joice, While they hear that sweet-est voice.

2 Ever present, truest Friend,
Ever near thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear.
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Whispering softly, wanderer come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

3 When our days of toil shall ease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wond'ring if our names were there:
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading nought but Jesus' blood;
Whispering softly, wanderer come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home!

176

HE LEADETH ME.

1
He lea-deth me! oh! blessed thought,
Oh! words with heavenly comfort fraught:
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that lea-deth me!

Refrain.

He lea-deth me! he lea-deth me!
By his own hand he lea-deth me:
His faith-ful fol-lower I would be,
For by his hand he lea-deth me.

2
Some-times 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Some-times where Eden's bow-ers bloom,

By wa-ters still, o'er trou-bled sea,—
Still 'tis his hand that lea-deth me.

3
Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur, nor repine—
Content, whate-ver lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that lea-deth me.

4
And when my task on earth is done,
When, by thy grace, the vic-tory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan lea-deth me.

1. Go work in the har-vest of the Lord, And let thy sheaves a - bound,
 2. The work is.. great, the laborers few, Go spread the.. news a - round;
 3. When souls are dy - ing all a - round, Whysit ye.. i - dle, dumb?
 4. Go work, while the daylight lingers, work; Toil on till the crown is won,

Nor stop 'mid the burning heat to rest, But work till the sun goes down.
 No long - er.. say there's nought to do, But work till the sun goes down.
 Go tell them of a Saviour's love, And work till the sun goes down.
 And in the vine-yard of the Lord Rest not till the sun goes down.

CHORUS.

Go work go work Go work till the sun goes down;
 and watch, and pray,

Go forth and work, and watch, and pray, Go work till the sun goes down.

"For yet a little while and He that shall come will come, and will not tarry."—Heb. 10: 37.

Rev. ED. H. BICKERSTETH.

Dr. LOWELL MASON, 1840.

Fine.

1. "Till he come!"—Oh, let the words Lin-ger on the trem-bling chords;
D. C. Let us think, how heav'n and home Lie beyond that "Till he come!"
 2. When the wea - ry ones we love En - ter on that rest a - bove,
D. C. Hush! be ev - 'ry mur-mur dumb! It is on - ly "Till he come!"

Let the "little while" be - tween In their golden light be seen;
 When the words of love and cheer Fall no longer on our ear,

- 3 Clouds and darkness round us press; 4 See, the feast of love is spread,
 Would we have one sorrow less? Drink the wine and eat the bread;
 All the sharpness of the cross, Sweet memorials, till the Lord
 All that tells the world is loss, Call us round his heavenly board,
 Death, and darkness, and the tomb, Some from earth, from glory some,
 Pain us only "Till he come!" Severed only "Till he come!"

179

DEAR JESUS, I LONG TO BE PERFECTLY WHOLE.

- 1 Dear Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole; 4 Dear Jesus, thou seest I patiently wait,
 I want thee forever to live in my soul: Come now and within me a clean heart
 Break down every idol, cast out every foe; create;
 Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than To those who have sought thee thou never
 snow. saidst no,

Chorus.

- Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow, Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than
 snow. snow.

2

- Dear Jesus, let nothing unholy remain; 5 Dear Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat;
 Apply thine own blood, and remove every I wait, blessed Lord, at thy crucified feet;
 stain; By faith, for my cleansing, I see thy blood
 To have this blest cleansing, I all things flow:
 forego: Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than
 snow. Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than
 snow.

3

- Dear Jesus, come down from thy throne in The blessing, by faith, I receive from above;
 the skies, O glory! my soul is made perfect in love;
 And help me to make a complete sacrifice; My prayer has prevailed, and this moment
 I give up myself, and whatever I know: I know
 Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than The blood is applied: I am whiter than
 snow. snow.

6

J. NICHOLSON.

H. L. HASTINGS.

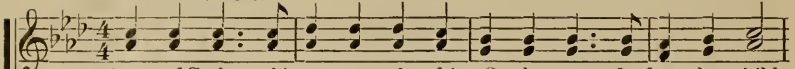
(Isa. 1: 2.)

E. C. AVIS.

Sua. lower.

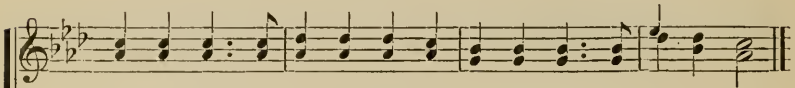
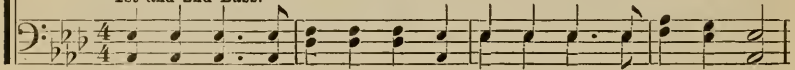
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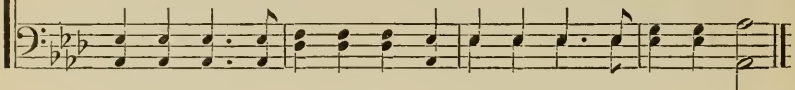


1. Son of God, earth's storms are breaking On thy poor de-fence-less child ;
2. Fierce and fu - rious foes as - sail me, Waves of trou - ble round me roll ;
3. Death's dark shadows gather o'er me, Death's cold surges swell and roar ;
4. Lo ! the morn of judgment breaketh, Black with tempest, wrath and gloom ;

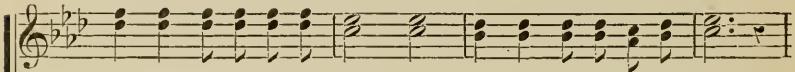
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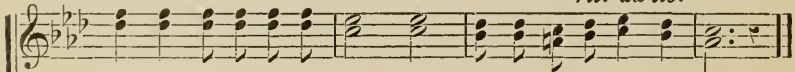
And the world in ter - ror quaking, Shrinks before the tem - pest wild.
Heart and flesh and courage fail me, Saviour, cheer my fainting soul.
Saviour, thou hast gone be - fore me, Thou canst lead me safe - ly o'er.
Woe to him whom God for - sak - eth, Now he meets his fear - ful doom.



REFRAIN.



Saviour, comfort me and guide me, 'Mid the tempest, bid me sing ;

*rit. ad lib.*

Saviour, hide me, safely hide me In the shadow of thy wing.



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1. Re - vive thy work, O Lord, Thy mighty arm make bare;
 2. Re - vive thy work, O Lord, Cre - ate soul-thirst for thee,
 3. Re - vive thy work, O Lord, Ex - alt thy pre - cious name,

Speak with the voice that wakes the dead, And make thy peo - ple hear.
 And hungering for the bread of life, Oh, may our spir - its be.
 And by the Ho - ly Ghost our love For thee and thine in - flame.

CHORUS.

Re - vive, O Lord, And give re-fresh-ing showers;
 Re - vive thy work, re - vive thy work, And give, and give refreshing show'rs;

The glo - ry shall be all thine own, The bless-ing shall be ours.

The Prodigal Child.

E. C. A.

"I will arise and go to my Father."—Luke 15: 18.

E. C. AVIS.

Not too fast.

1. O, prod-i-gal, come, I am waiting, Why tar-ry on mountains so bare?
 2. O, prod-i-gal, come, I am waiting, The Saviour said sweetly and low:
 3. O, prod-i-gal, come, I am waiting, From pleasures of sin turn a - way;
 4. O, prod-i-gal, still I am waiting, E - ter - ni - ty now draweth nigh;

Why perish with cold and with hunger? There's bread enough yet and to spare.
 Thy sins, though they be as the scar-let, I'll make them as white as the snow.
 Make haste and come back to thy Father, Thy soul may be lost in de-lay!
 Re - turn and believe on the Saviour, And thou shalt have treasures on high.

come home,

REFRAIN.

Come home, Come home, O prodigal child, come home, O come home,

Come home, Come home,

And squander thy substance no longer; O prod-i-gal child, come home.

183 I am Trusting, Lord, in Thee.

Rev. WM. McDONALD.

WM. G. FISCHER.

1. I am com - ing to the cross; I'm poor and weak and blind;
2. Long my heart has sigh'd for thee; Long has e - vil dwelt with - in;

Cho.—I am trust-ing, Lord, in thee, Dear Lamb of Cal - va - ry;

I'm count-ing all but dross; I shall full sal - va - tion find.
Je - sus sweet-ly speaks to me, I will cleanse yon from all sin.

Humbly at thy cross I bow; Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>3 Here, I give my all to thee,—
Friends, and time, and earthly store,
Soul and body thine to be—
Wholly thine—forevermore.</p> <p>4 In the promises I trust;
In the cleansing blood confide;
I am prostrate in the dust;
I with Christ am crucified.</p> | <p>5 Jesus comes! he fills my soul!
Perfected in love I am;
I am every whit made whole;
Glory, glory to the Lamb;
(Chorus to 5th verse.)
Still I'm trusting, Lord, in thee,
Dear Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at thy cross I bow—
Jesus saves me! saves me now.</p> |
|---|--|

184

BETHANY. 6s & 4s. (Key of G.)

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,—
Nearer, my God, to thee!
Nearer to thee!</p> <p>2 Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be—
Nearer, my God, to thee!
Nearer to thee!</p> <p>3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given;</p> | <p>Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee—
Nearer to thee!</p> <p>4 Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with thy praise.
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee!
Nearer to thee!</p> <p>5 Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be—
Nearer, my God, to thee!
Nearer to thee!</p> |
|--|--|

Mrs. SARAH F. ADAMS, 1840.

1. Fade, fade each earthly joy, Je - sus is mine! Break ev-'ry ten-der tie,
D. S. Je - sus a-lone can bless,

Fine. Je - sus is mine! Dark is the wilderness, Earth has no resting-place,
Je - sus is mine!

- 2 Tempt not my soul away,
Jesus is mine!
Here would I ever stay.
Jesus is mine!
Perishing things of clay,
Born but for one brief day,
Pass from my heart away,
Jesus is mine!
- 2 Farewell, ye dreams of night,
Jesus is mine!
Lost in this dawning light,
Jesus is mine!

- All that my soul has tried,
Left but a dismal void,
Jesus has satisfied,
Jesus is mine!
- 4 Farewell, mortality,
Jesus is mine!
Welcome, eternity,
Jesus is mine!
- Welcome, O loved and blest,
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest;
Welcome my Saviour's breast,
Jesus is mine!

186

- 1 From the cross uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigns to die,
What melodious sounds we hear
Bursting on the ravished ear!
"Love's redeeming work is done,
Come and welcome, sinner, come!"
- 2 "Sprinkled now with blood the throne,
Why beneath thy burdens groan?
On his pierced body laid,
- Justice owns the ransom paid;
Bow the knee, embrace the Son,
Come and welcome, sinner, come!"
- 3 "Spread for thee, the festal board,
See with richest bounty stored;
To thy Father's bosom pressed,
Thou shalt be a child confessed,
Never from his house to roam;
Come and welcome, sinner, come!"

THOMAS HAWKINS.

187

Tune,—MEAR. C. M. Key of F.

- 1 Spirit of truth, oh let me know
The love of Christ to me;
Its conquering, quick'ning pow'r bestow,
To set me wholly free.
- 2 I long to know its depth and height,
To scan its breadth and length;
Drink in its ocean of delight,
And triumph in its strength.
- 3 It is thine office to reveal
My Saviour's wondrous love;
Oh, deepen on my heart thy seal,
And bless me from above.
- 4 Thy quickening power to me impart,
And be my constant Guide;
With richer gladness fill my heart;
Be Jesus glorified.

"Rouse's Version," 1643.

(Ps. 23.)

WM. H. HAVERGAL, 1847.

1. The Lord's my Shep-herd, I'll not want, He makes me down to lie
 2. My soul he doth re - store a - gain, And me to walk doth make
 3. Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale, Yet will I fear none ill;

In pastures green; he leadeth me The qui - et wa - ters by.
 With-in the paths of .righteousness, Ev'n for his own name's sake.
 For thou art with me; and thy rod And staff me com - fort still.

4 My table thou hast furnished,
 In presence of my foes;
 My head thou dost with oil anoint,
 And my cup overflows.

5 Goodness and mercy all my life
 Shall surely follow me;
 And in God's house forevermore,
 My dwelling place shall be.

189

C. M.

1 O for a faith that will not shrink,
 Though press'd by every foe,
 That will not tremble on the brink
 Of any earthly woe;
 2 That will not murmur or complain
 Beneath the chast'ning rod,
 But, in the hour of grief or pain,
 Will lean upon its God; —

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
 When tempests rage without;
 That when in danger knows no fear,
 In darkness feels no doubt; —
 4 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
 And then, whate'er may come,
 We'll taste, e'en here, the hallow'd bliss
 Of an eternal home.

Rev. WM. H. BATHURST, 1831.

190

SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

1 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of
 prayer,
 That calls me from a world of care,
 And bids me, at my Father's throne,
 Make all my wants and wishes known! 3
 In seasons of distress and grief,
 My soul has often found relief,
 And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
 By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.
 2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of
 prayer,
 Thy wings shall my petition bear
 To him, whose truth and faithfulness
 Engage the waiting soul to bless:

And since he bids me seek his face,
 Believe his word, and trust his grace,
 I'll cast on him my every care,
 And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.
 3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of
 prayer,
 May I thy consolation share,
 Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
 I view my home, and take my flight:
 This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
 To seize the everlasting prize;
 And shout, while passing through the
 air,
 Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer!

157

WM. W. WALFORD.

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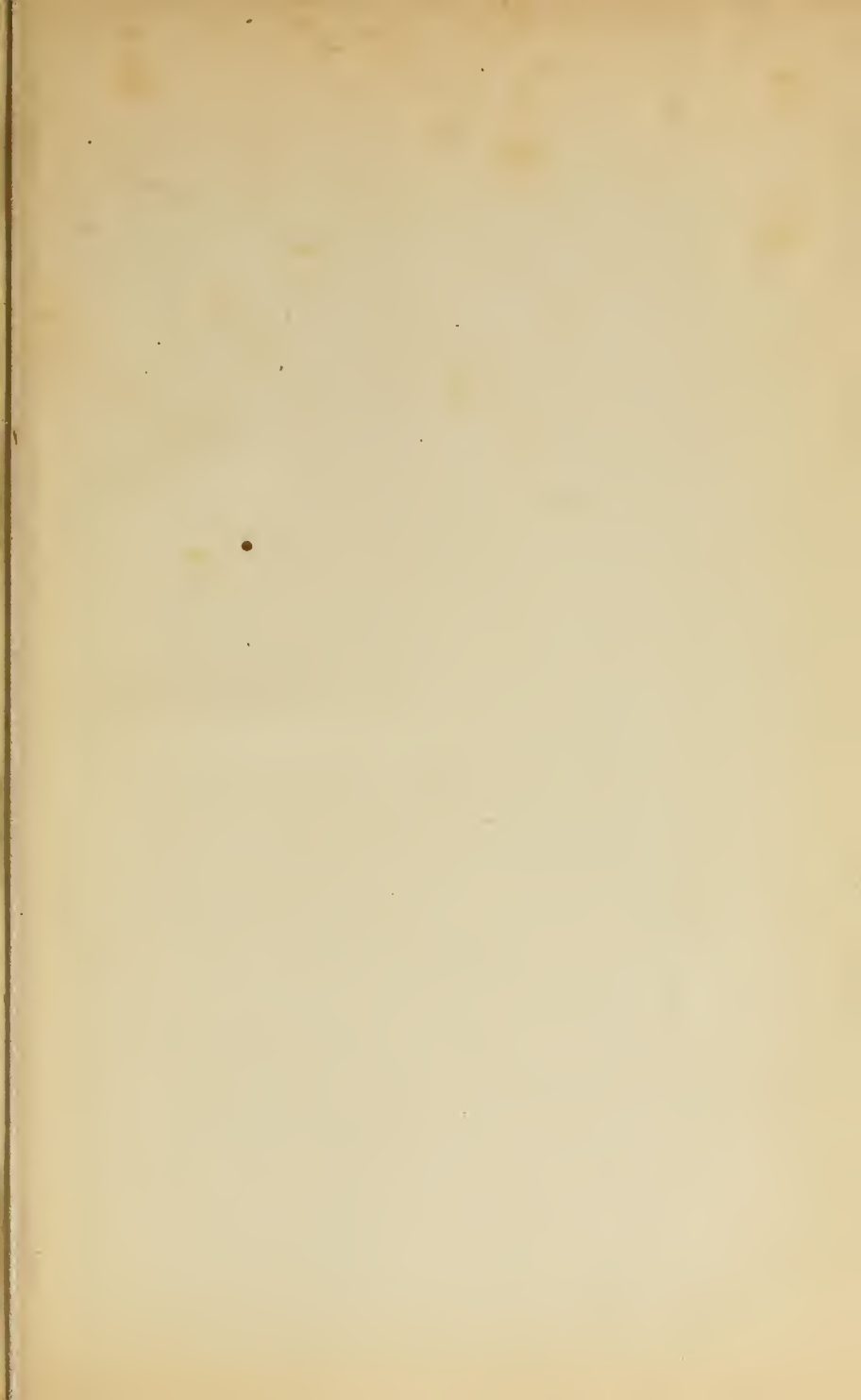
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AGGREGATIONS FOR WORKERS. INQUIRY ROOM.

listen to what the inquirer has to say.

If anxious and troubled about earthly things, impress upon him the immediate and supreme importance of heavenly things. Real to him from your own Bible, or have him read aloud, Mark viii. 38, Luke xii. 16-21, 25-31.

Do not be drawn into debate. Use only God's Word, the sword of the Spirit.

When not conversing, lift your heart in prayer.

Do not depend on your own tact, ability, or wisdom. "It is not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord." See John vi. 63. Present clearly the truth of God's Word; selecting only such passages as may seem suited to each particular case. A physician does not give to his patient remedies for every disease, but just such medicine as may be suited to the complaint. Seek to understand the inquirer's special difficulty, and trusting the Divine power, apply the Divine remedy. Do not confuse the mind with too many passages; deal with the inquirer quietly and alone. See Ecc. ix. 17.

Do not allow doctrines or creeds to occupy the attention that should be given at once to salvation and Christ. See John iv. 9-14.

Do not let the soul rest in feelings or in future hopes, but in a present surrender to, acceptance of, trust in, the Lord Jesus Christ.

Do not tell an inquirer that he is saved. Let the Holy Spirit do that. See John iii. 33, 1 John v. 10.

Give the young convert Isa. xl. 29-31, Col. ii. 6, and his motto for life (with Peter walking on the water as an illustration), "WE WALK BY FAITH."

LOOKING UNTO JESUS (Heb. xii. 2).



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